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CT1096	GA	OU	812	ADULT
FREE PRICE	GEN ADMISSION		FREE ADMISSION	
C 39012	THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 100			
GA SECTION / AISLE	CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA			
CL 3X	W/ SPECIAL GUESTS GALORE			
OU 812 BOW/BACK	EFANZINES.COM AMPHITHEATRE			
CTG3991	PLEASE...NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY			
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This is issue 100. I've been at this for a little over a year and a half and I'm so proud that this issue is happening. You'll discover that everything in this issue is numbered. Those numbers can be looked up in the back in the guide to the contributors. There's also so much more.

So let us start things rolling...with Frank Wu and the art of Mr. Brad Foster!

**Number 1: RANDOM LIST NO. 743A:
4 NOTABLE THINGS LEFT BEHIND
ON TAXIS, PLANES OR TRAINS**
by Frank Wu

**Number 2: Missing Things by Brad
W. Foster**

Number 3: Bono Vox by I M Roger

**Number 4: Two Stills from John
Cassavetes' Shadows**

I travel a lot, from convention to convention, and I always worry that I'll lose something. The way Holden Caulfield left his team's fencing foils on a subway. Or the way Frank Kelly Freas had paintings stolen from the trunk of a locked car. But I doubt if I'll ever experience anything like these horror stories.

1. INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE

Russell Grant-McVicar had the Picasso theft all planned out, just not



planned out well. He'd taken a taxi from the Hilton Hotel in London to the Lefevre Gallery, a prominent West End dealer in Impressionists. Visible from the street was Picasso's 1939 oil painting, "Tete de Femme," of his then-lover Dona Maar. Grant-McVicar asked the taxi to wait for him while he popped inside. He asked an employee to confirm that it was a Picasso. And that it was worth a million dollars.

Then he flashed a sawed-off shotgun and pulled the painting off the wall. And walked out, past security cameras from which he didn't bother to hide his face. Back in the taxi, he made more "World's Stupidest Criminal" errors. The biggest was prying the Picasso out of the frame, and then leaving the frame, covered in his fingerprints, in the back of the taxi. He was thoughtful enough, though, to leave the driver a ten-pound note.

Grant-McVicar is the son of John McVicar, once England's Public Enemy Number One (and the subject of an excellent Roger Daltrey album and movie).

You'd think his dad would have taught him a trick or two. Apparently not. The would-be thief was caught and received a combined sentence (for this crime and a dozen others) of 15 years. Perhaps acting as his own lawyer might have been a mistake, too.

2. PHILIP K. DICK'S HEAD

Here's a tip: If you make something really cool and then show it to a bunch of people, be careful lest you lose it.

David Hanson, sculptor and founder of Hanson Robotics, spent 25K of his own money to make a robotic version of Philip K. Dick's head. Why? Well, Dick did write "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?", the basis for the film "Bladerunner," in which androids are hard to distinguish from people. And the robot head was cool, with

36 servomotors for expressions and an artificial personality based on mathematical analyses of Dick's writings and constructed by Andrew Olney. The head was so cool that it appeared on the cover of "Wired" magazine.

Everybody wanted to see it.

So before that fateful day when Hanson lost his head (c'mon, you knew that was coming), Hanson had been traveling for weeks, making two trips to Asia and pulling 15 all-nighters in 40 days. On his way to Google headquarters in Silicon Valley, he boarded a plane in Dallas at 5 in the morning. In Las Vegas, the flight attendant woke him to tell him they were changing planes. In a mental fog, he left the head in a bag in the overhead compartment.

The friendly America West folks did find PKD's head in Las Vegas and packed it off to San Francisco, but it never arrived. Perhaps it wound up in Alabama with the company that salvages lost items, or perhaps - with all the wires sticking out - it was mistaken for a bomb. "That would be a really strange ending," Hanson noted, "if the head of a Philip K. Dick robot wound up being exploded by another robot."

PKD's head is still missing.

3. BONO'S LOST LYRICS

After a show at the Foghorn in



Portland, Oregon, Bono had the lyrics to U2's next album stolen from a taxicab. The band was under a lot of pressure. This would be their sophomore record - a challenge for any band - and worse, they were making it about God. Even worse, the studio time was already booked and coming up fast. Bono quickly whipped out new lyrics, and he felt spiritually inspired as he did so, but the band still

noted that this was the worst recording experience of their career.

When U2 returned to Portland years later, Bono appealed for help retrieving the lost lyrics, repeated the plea to no avail in 2001.

Meanwhile, a woman named Cindy Harris stumbled upon the briefcase in the attic of a rented house in Tacoma, Washington. It took her a while to realize that the case was Bono's, and that it was stolen. It took her and her friend Danielle Rheame another year to penetrate the protective bureaucracy surrounding the band.

But in 2004, 23 years after they had gone missing, the briefcase and the lyrics notebook were reunited with Bono, who called it "an act of grace."

Comparisons between the final and long-lost lyrics have never been published.

4. THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF JOHN CASSAVETES' CLASSIC INDEPENDENT FILM, "SHADOWS"

John Cassavetes is best known for acting in "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Dirty Dozen" (for which he received an Academy Award nom for best supporting actor). But he was also an important, if slightly obscure, film director.

His first film, "Shadows," is considered by Leonard Maltin to be "a watershed in the birth of American independent cinema." Dealing with

race issues, it was shot cheaply in 16mm in black and white on the streets of New York, with an improvised script and volunteer crew and jazz score by Charles Mingus.

When Cassavetes first screened his film in 1957, the audience was puzzled and confused; many walked out. After that disappointing response, Cassavetes hired a Hollywood hack to make a more commercial version, swapping out half the length of the film. The second version, from 1959, was popularized, but many thought the original better. Jonas Mekas wrote at the time, "I have no further doubt that whereas the second version of 'Shadows' is just another Hollywood film - however inspired at moments - the first version is the most frontier-breaking American feature film in at least a decade." But the original negative had been cut up to make the second version, which became widely circulated, and the first was lost, seemingly forever.

But critic Ray Carney, who's spent a lifetime writing scholarly works on Cassavetes, refused to admit that it was gone.

Carney spent years and tens of thousands of his own dollars searching for the film, even interviewing dozens of people to follow a lead that the film had been donated to a school somewhere in the midwest. He even worked with the original actors and audience members



to recreate the original version.

Finally, after 17 years, his search paid off. He was contacted by a woman whose husband had owned a junk shop in downtown Manhattan. He had regularly replenished his wares with purchases of (you guessed it) stuff that had been left behind on subway cars.

Carney's personal theory - based on interviews from people who might have been involved - is that folks carrying the film back from its final original screening were distracted when an attractive blonde got on the train.

In any case, the only surviving print of Cassavetes' film was found in an attic of a relative in Florida. The celluloid base was shrunken and brittle, but the emulsion was clear and sharp. It was even better than the overlapping scenes in a restored copy of the second version recently prepared by UCLA.

Cassavetes' lost film was found. But the story doesn't end there. Interesting, Cassavetes' widow, actress

Gena Rowlands, has battled Carney to suppress this original version.

She wants to promote a white-washed version of Cassavetes as someone who never suffered through depression or artistic struggles or self-doubts. Rowlands - who did not even know that there were two versions - has demanded that Carney give her the original, so she can destroy it. He has refused, claiming that it must be saved for future generations.

Rowlands also meddled with the recent Cassavetes DVD set. She threatened to kill the project if the original version were included, or if Carney's name - after he had spent 300 hours on the project - were not expunged. Because she had the money, she won. But the battle goes on today...

Total:
4 things lost, 3 retrieved. Not bad.



Y'all know how I feel about Los Angeles: A certain cloudy mixture of love and failure hangs over the city for my eyes. But I can't deny that Kelly Green catches it just right in her piece.

Number 5: Dateline: Los Angeles by Kelly Green

Number 6: Photo by Kelly Green

I think most people profess a disdain for Los Angeles because they can't get a handle on the place. LA ain't just one thing: it's not a Big Apple, not a Windy City, certainly not a Big Easy. LA is beauty and poverty, desert and beach, masterpiece art museum and museum of Jurassic technology. We're a car culture cuz nobody walks in LA; we have an annual marathon that draws a quarter million runners (some dressed as Elvis; some with world record times: consider running 26.2 miles in a slow 2 hours 15 minutes.)

As yr. faithful Angeleno cultural correspondent (yeah, we're all angels here) I had thought to essay on the Petersen Automotive Museum, certainly not the only car museum around (there's a fairly nice one in Las Vegas at

the Imperial Palace Hotel), but perhaps the most fun, with diorama sets and interactive displays. However, the cultural spot that has been catching my imagination just lately is a little place in Venice Beach.

Venice Beach itself is another of our famed flake spots. You know, Ocean Front Walk with its famous Muscle Beach where Ahhhnold himself hung from the bars; jugglers tossing chainsaws; incense, tattoos, Chinese watercolors, marijuana can be had with relatively little effort. The internet café is a new hangout on the sidewalk. I noticed, as I sipped my half double decaffeinated half-caf, with a twist of lemon (you've seen 'LA Story,' haven't

you?), a two-story gilt and marble-clad house studded with bronze statues.

I do mean 'studded.' Dragons crawl up the outside wall; Roman and Greek soldiers stand alert on the roofline; squirrels and bunnies play on the lawn and front porch. I count so many bronzes gracing this otherwise 'okay' home. There's a porch, unusual in LA; a balcony, v. unusual in LA; a café table and wrought iron seats in the front yard, extraordinarily unusual in a city known for lightfingerness. Victorian without the gingerbread, Gothic without the dark, this gold and black and marble home has a tough metal hide of off-putting bronzes but the windows are shaded with lace and

gauze, and the flowers grow, in the yard, in the flower boxes under each window, in the pots by the front door.

This is El Bordello Alexandra. I assume it's NOT a tourist attraction, just someone's idea of home. And LA says, yeah, it fits right in. Welcome.

Til next time, this is your LA Cultural Correspondent, saying, "Don't eat the fish!"*

*Fish, especially the white croaker, caught from Santa Monica Pier is full of mercury. You don't want mercury poisoning, do you?





RHole

Number 7: Google Creature by Robert Hole

Number 8: Chris Garcia Makes 100 by M Lloyd

I just wanted to give Chris a giant pat on the back for making it to number 100. He's worked hard and even when life's kicked him in the crotch, he's come out with an issue detailing his writhing in extreme detail.

As we move the Family from New York to Santa Barbara, I hope that means we'll finally get to see Chris since he won't have to put his faith into those wretched flying boxes he detests so much.

Here's to another 100!

Here's a piece from a BASFAn who has appeared in the pages of The Drink Tank before. This one deals with one of those subjects that's near and dear to my heart...ME! As well as some other things. I really didn't read much further than the part that talked about me.

***Number 9: The Meanderings of a Bad Writer.
by Ken Patterson***

Number 10: Baby Chris for TAFF by Jason Schachat

I can't claim to be a good writer. I can't claim to be a prolific writer. I can, however, claim to write things. I write e-mails, blog entries, incomplete stories (for NaNoWriMo) and the odd article for the Drink Tank.

The Drink Tank - quite possibly the thing you are reading now, unless you are reading this somewhere else - is the brainchild of Chris Garcia. Chris may be able to claim to be a good writer. He definitely can claim to be a prolific writer. He regularly publishes various fan-zines (the Drink Tank being one of them), of which he contributes scribblings of his own; writes scripty things; and, unlike myself, completed the 50,000 word marathon that is known as NaNoWriMo in a 10th of the time allotted (where as I managed to eke out

a 10th of the words in all the time allotted...)

This is not intended to be a general praising of Mr. Garcia, nor is it meant to sound like bitter jealousy - but I mean where does he find the time!?! Where does he get all those words?!? I quite often find myself quoting the line from Spandau Ballet's "True" (or paraphrasing it) "Finding it hard to write the next line."

I've managed to type up a couple articles previously for the Drink Tank (this being the third in its whole 100 issue history.) The first was for the other 100 issue, where all the articles were 100 words long. I cheated - I found 100 interesting words and submitted that (thus avoiding the need for any actual structure...). The second one was an actual article, on the little



known invention called Phonvision. This actually involved some writing skill (though not much...)

Now, in honor of the 100th issue of the Drink Tank, I find myself writing another article. This time I had no planned subject, or direction that I was following (except to committing some amount of words to an article.) But here it is, delivered to you via the medium of your choice (whether printed or on-line.) My lame excuse for a string of words, compiled for your eyes and brain to digest.

You can see more words that I've strung together at dville.org. Occasionally you'll find something new there. You'll probably even see this posted there.



Number 11: Alcoholic by Art by Gabrielle

Number 12: The Secret Origin of The Drink Tank by Christopher J. Garcia

There's a story I've been saving for just this issue. It's time to go back and tell you the truth of how The Drink Tank got its name.

I was in college, hangin' and bangin' with all sorts of goodly people and trying my hand at doing a zine. I'd been working on Stacked Decks for a while and it was now time to find my own way. I had been doing things like shorts films for a while and I'd been thinking about various projects that I wanted to tackle. I just needed a name.

One day, while sitting around boozed out of my gourd with some friends in Montreal, we were talking about my favourite topic of conversation at the time: my magazine YANKspot: The Last Word for the Weird.

"You know Chris, you're never gonna manage to finish an issue if you're gonna be paying people." Judith said.

"That's true." M added. "You'll go broke and die penniless and alone."

"That's always been my goal, you know?" I responded.

"I mean, you'll be trying to put out a magazine with a crew that has

spent far more time in the Drunk Tank than in a newspaper office."

Now, I'd spent some time in newspaper offices, mostly the Boston Phoenix, but I had to admit that it gave me an idea. I let it sink in and I really pretty much forgot about it for a while.

I decided I wanted to make movies much later, probably around 1999. I was working on things and I was trying to come up with an ideal name for my production company. Nepenthe Films was already taken, and I'd also started working with Office Supply Publishing and while the idea of having Office Supply Pictures wouldn't take off for another half-a-decade, I didn't think of it at that point.

Then, I remembered that conversation and decided that we would be The Drunk Tank. I poked around on the net and no one had decided to use that as their moniker for their production company. I submitted a grant proposal, all very last minute, using the Drink Tank name. I think I wrote the proposal in something like five minutes on a Sunday night.

About two months later, I got my rejection notice.

Dear Mr. Garcia and The Drink Tank.

I had flubbed the name of my production company on the application And thus...The Drink Tank!

One of the real highlights of WorldCon was finally getting to meet Mr. Lloyd Penney. If I had to choose one Canadian to make my Executive Vice-President in Charge of Awesomeness, it would be Lloyd. A while back, he sent me an article I'd asked for about coming to fandom through Star Trek, and I held onto it for an occasion like my 100th issue. And here we go with a rare Lloyd Penney article!

***Number 13: WHAT ELSE IS THERE?
by Lloyd Penney***

***Number 14: Kirk & Spock by
7ini7ter***

Number 15: Troi by Boobtastic

We take different directions in this little hobby we've got, but sometimes, we change our ways to see what else there is, and it's often for the best. My fannish interests today reflect little of my fannish interests when I got started nearly 30 years ago.

I got a double-barreled start in fandom. My mother started to bring home from the local library anthologies of SF short stories. I picked them up out of curiosity, and I was hooked. She'd bring home books edited by Wollheim, Gold, Carr, plus other fine anthologies, and I'd eat them up. Many of those anthologies would detail



wondrous events called Worldcons, and marvelous awards called Hugos. I wondered if I'd ever be able to go to these conventions.

Second, the family would watch that great new television series called Star Trek. We loved adventures with strange and interesting aliens on distant planets, and they took me away from a boring and lonely school life. I started finding books about Trek on the bookshelves in our library and the local bookstores, and I started to find out about Star Trek conventions and clubs and other gatherings. I'm not even sure if I connected the two, the Worldcon and the Star Trek convention, as being similar. I found both lit fandom and media fandom, much about the same time.

When the family moved out to Victoria, British Columbia some years later, within months, I found a

local Star Trek club starting up, and immediately got involved. I date my involvement in fandom to December 1977, when the club met for the first time. For the first time after high school, I had friends, a girlfriend, things to do and the common interest that brought us all close together. This was the social network I'd craved all through school. (Hey, it's not like there's a Science Fiction Fandom Recruitment Office in every town. We all find fandom where we see it.) Yet, some years later, after some club activities, I starting asking, what else is there? There had so be something else when the SF anthologies would hint at the exploits of fans, and activities like fanzines.

University took me back to Toronto, and I found local media fandom through a party for the release for the first Trek movie, but after being invited to some fannish parties, I finally found the "what else" I'd wanted to find. With my desire to participate and write, I found conventions and the local apa. Hey, local media fandom didn't have anything like this, and it was brand new, and totally Trek-free. I had the best of both worlds; the social atmosphere and SF content of both groups, and different things to do that allowed some involvement and creativity.

So why did I go from one fandom to the other? I need more mental

stimulation than media fandom could offer, and I needed to write, and lit fandom offered the opportunities.

Am I still a media fan? Well, the last two Trek series didn't turn my crank, and the last show I watched with any regularity was Babylon 5... I've found fannish activity that allows me to do the things I like the best, and that's why any of us are involved in what we do.



One thing that Fanzines of old used to do a lot of but we don't see so much anymore is poetry. My pal Kevin Roche was kind enough to send these my way!

Numbers 16-19: Sonnets by Kevin Roche

Number 20: Walkiria Design

Number 21: Graveyard by Espana Sheriff

I.

To my precious love:

An all heaven's stars as bright gems should fall
And sweet Diana's lustrous lovers' light
Turn untarnished silver Love's bower wall
To stay on earth a precious gift from Night,

And were the sun a disc of beaten gold
The seas of emerald, the sky sapphires gay
With soul-felt joy would miser Croesus hold
As earthly treasure all the wealth of Day.

To rubies sunsets lend, dawn's mists to pearls
And Twilight's gentle dusk of velvet made
With Midas touch the wondrous spell unfurls --
And yet all Fortune's trove still would I trade:

Forswearing all would liefer pauper be
To chance for one sweet sign of love from thee.

II.

In Cupid's cause heart's hunter stalks his prize
To snare with Venus' aid one crowned in grace
Whose boldness strikes as lightning from her eyes
Decrying Sweetness' veil upon her face.

At Love's jesses shying, she taketh flight:
To Artemis flees from bright light of day,
But silver shafts dispell the cloak of night
Revealing maiden heart by love held bay.

By moonlight doth heart's hunter cast his lure
That she should stoop, and stooping tamed be.
With sweet disdain doth she Love's lies abjure
And all dismayed her love-lorn suitor flee.

Unfettered still she to her lair repairs
And Love instead the hunter's heart ensnares.

K.P.R.
23 September '90

V

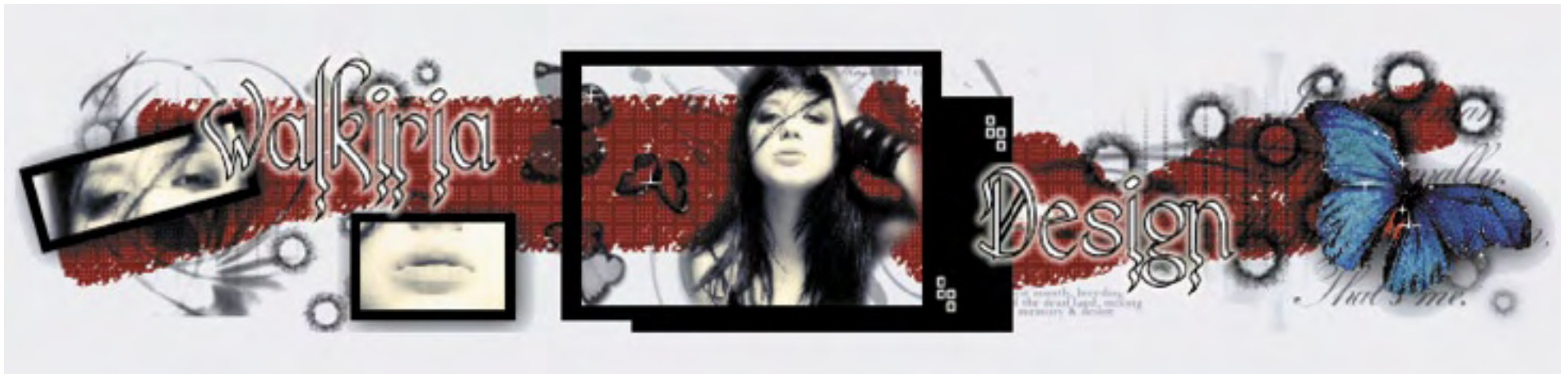
In lover's mail shall I unflinching stand
And face thy female fury undismayed
As stones and cudgels fly at thy command
To me from lovelorn suitor's cause dissuade.

My courting gifts thou in the midden fling
Or to a chance-met beggar oft do throw;
Thy taunts and tales as chiming churchbells ring
Resounding in my head as though a blow.

"Be off! Begone!" thy hardfaced harpy's shriek:
More piercing then than even banshee's wail.
Yet though thy cries make Heaven's rafters creak
Thou rant and rave 'gainst Love to no avail.

Heart's fool I be for lacking love lack life
And loving thee find sweetness in our strife.

K.P.R.
28 September '90



In the Vampire's Garden

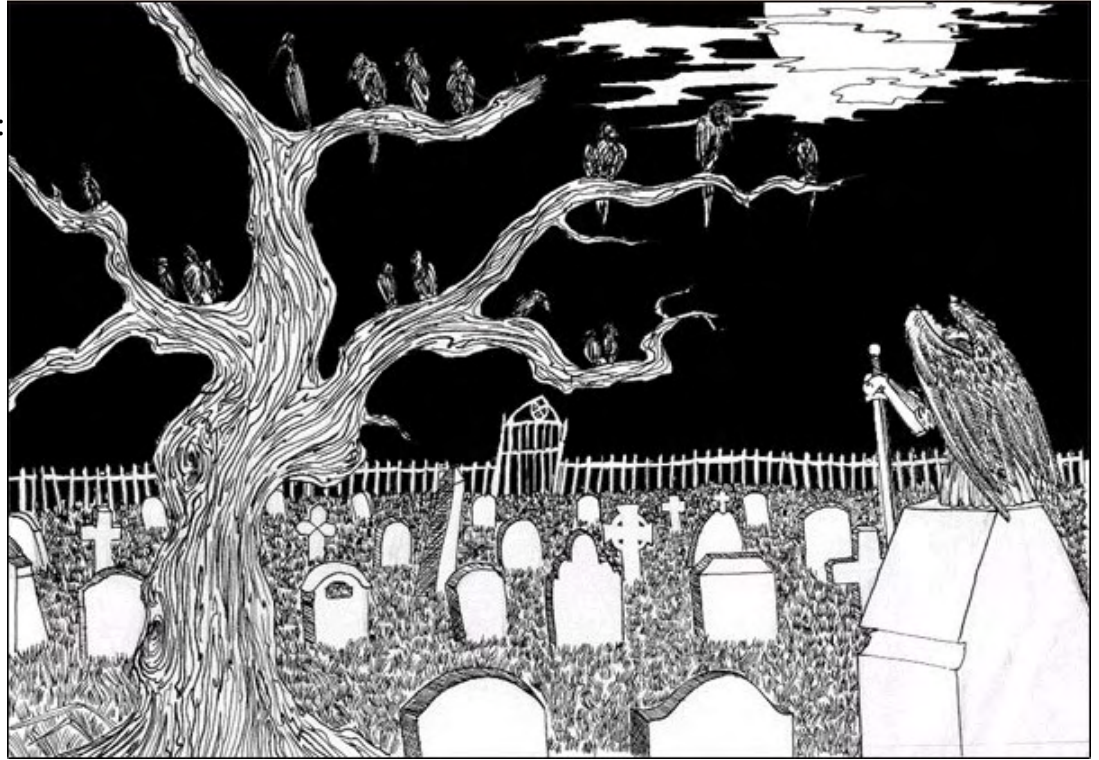
As dusk doth fall and Sol sweet leave doth take
Through lush scent-shrouded ways the vampire walks:
Sweet blooms by loving undead hands awaked
To fill with scent the moonlit path he stalks.

Long ages here hath Night's dark hunter delved
To coax from grave's fell earth such fragrant life
As if to prove the lie his demon self:
Not death but birth unstained by bloodhunt's strife.

Here crocus shy in regal mantle furred
Each Spring the door from Winter's tomb doth prise
And roses thorned, in velvet softness curled
Bring thoughts of musk'ed mortal lovers' sighs.

Yet now as dawn reclaims the sweet green way
'Tis jonquil who from graveside greets new Day.

K. Roche, October 1997



Letter-Graded Mail
sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers

Let's start with my man John Purcell!

Number 22: eWoC from John Purcell

Number 23: Letters by Breakfast
(The official Image of Letter-Graded Mail)

Number 24: Design by Scarlett Starlet

Reading a cover-less version of *Drink Tank* lends a certain air of mystery to exactly what lurks around the electronic corner. Will we ever be able to see what you had in mind? Have to admit, I am curious - but not yellow. More like a subdued fuscia. **Yeah, it turns out that doing a real cover (which I talk about at the end of the issue) is a lot harder than just slapping it on. I've gotta work on it a little more.**

A solid 99th issue, young feller. Your lead-off hitter, Jason Schachat, has belted a solid extra-base hit to

start the game. (Can you tell I've been following the baseball races? I thought not.) Movies are always Big-Name driven. Heck, that's the way our society's entertainment has been since the moving picture was invented. Even the silents had huge stars: Sennett, Chaplain, Bow, etcetera. Face it, this is the way that it is, and we really *do* like it! I am speaking in the cultural/collective "we" here, not personally. But I am sure that even the most jaded cinemaphile has his or her favorite actors, actresses, and directors. We are, unfortunately, human beings who love having things done for us in ways

that we prefer.

And in actuality, it was a lot worse in the 1920s than it was today. Many pictures died for lack of a name, and of the few of those that survive, some are considered to be the best silents ever. What's worse is that there were films like Hollywood that were solely built around showing large numbers of stars and they raked in huge money based solely on that.

Reading Jason's articles has been interesting, though; my hope for him is that he doesn't get so wiggled out over it all that he loses all sense of perspective and comes to the realization that most serious sf fans are *NOT* media drones. Speaking for myself, I will watch movies and shows that interest me, not for the actors/actresses involved. Nothing more. **That's a very good point, though if you go to a media con (and I've been guilty of that) you'll discover that there are a lot of those actor/actress lovers around. I can't wait to see #III about the Indies.**

Love that *Metropolis* illo! Damned sexy, Chris! Where'd you find it? **DeviantArt.com had it and I sent off an email and got some permission. It's a wonderful piece.**

You told me in an e-mail what was detaining you from pursuing your true calling. How fascinating it must have been to be up close and personal



with a Cray-1 Supercomputer. The photos are way cool. You must have been creaming in your pants at the opportunity, despite the long hours, the hassles, the hard work, and the lack of sleep. Awesome struggle to get it right. Seems to me the effort was worth it.

And the folks at the event loved it too! I was most pleased by this. The next break in my FANAC will be rearranging the Dense Storage area of the museum.

Jay Crasdan's "How to" guide to fall off the wagon was funny and sadly all too true. I wonder how much of this was a result of personal investigative research? I really have known people who have been dry for years, only to backslide very, very badly.

It really can be devastating to experience and to witness. Very well written, Jay. Do you have anything else from him lined up, Chris? Sure hope so.

If Jay didn't have his own experiences to draw from, he could always get M or SaBean to share a few of their times on the floors of various filthy places. There are a couple of things he references that I was present for. He's thinking of expanding it into a book-length piece. I'm helping him research movies.

Well, welcome to the nuthouse, Kevin Standlee. How tall are you? Judging from Chris's intro, there's a short Kevin in BASFA, too. Thanks for the number crunching. Isn't it amazing how much money a crazy thing like a Science Fiction Worldcon can make nowadays? I've been re-reading *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*, and the "outrageous" sums of money required to attend worldcons of yore is a stark contrast to the modern-day fiduciary behemoths that a worldcon has become. Even Ted White (in the latest *Pixel*) has written about the exorbitant costs of now attending a worldcon. It really is astonishing. If I ever really do plan on making it up to Denvention 3, I may have to sell one of my children to afford going! Wonder which of the three would get the best price...?

Kevin's 6'3 or so, I think. There's also Evil Kevin (Kevin Roche) in BASFA. Costs and expectations are up (and we'll hear more about that in Kevin's LoC a little later on)

Anyway. Back to the zine at hand.

"A Prairie Home Convention" is a great idea. That reference to old-time fan Olon F. Wiggins was excellent. Nice touch.

I read that a while back and I was looking for some way to drop it into an article and this was just about the only time I knew I'd have a chance!

Lloyd Penney, you spent some time talking with one of my favorite fans of all time, Rusty Hevelin. That was one heckuva story you told of how he was able to get to LACon IV. I am glad he made it. On www.midamericon.org there are dozens of photos from this worldcon, and it's good to see that Rusty looks like he hasn't changed much since I last saw him (1992). Only real difference is the wheelchair. Rusty is indeed one of the nicest people in fandom, a real sweetheart. My wife remembers him, too, from that Minicon of way back when. One of the fun things we did then was get in a conversation with him and Bob Tucker, who called Rusty "dad" (this is an ancient fannish schtick that goes waaaay back), so since all modern fans are basically

Tucker's children, Valerie and I (and some other fen) were calling Rusty "grand-dad." It was a lot of fun, especially since we all knew the joke and other fans around us in the con suite didn't. I wonder how many of them still think this is all true?

I've never met Bob Tucker, but I hope to in the nearish future. I've met most of the real Old Timers who are still around. Rusty, R Twidner, Forry, Dave Kyle, I got to chat with all of them, but not Tucker. I must find a way.

Oh, boy. You finished by nattering briefly on *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. A fun flick to watch, yah, but I haven't the desire to partake of



the frivolity of the midnight showings like the true devotees do. Not my cup of tea. I do like the movie, definitely; it's a lot of fun, especially if you've got a solid background on RKO horror movies from the 50s and early 60s, with a respective nod to the great horror flicks of the 1930s.

The soundtrack is my favorite part of the movie, though. Good stuff, Chris. (See?? I didn't call you "Maynard," even though I was really tempted. Aren't you proud of me?)

I dunno...I kinda miss the Maynard. Easily the best part is the soundtrack. I often get the songs stuck in my head. And I love Meatloaf. I knew his daughter in college.

All the best,
John Purcell

Thanks John!

And Now...Kevin Standlee!

Number 25: eWoC from Kevin Standlee

Number 26: DNA Design

Number 27: Trucks by the Stealth Ninja

I don't claim to be the source of all fannish knowledge, but there are some things having to do with Worldcons where all you had to do was ask.

I kinda figured you'd set me

straight. Think of it as a kind of LoC trolling...

In DT99, after I explained that most Worldcons these days are grossing just about \$1 Million, you mused, "I wonder what the number is of impact on the local economy?" I don't have figures from elsewhere, but the San Jose Convention & Visitor's Bureau estimated the economic impact of ConJose on the San Jose area as about \$9 Million. Of course, you can't really tell that to fans, because they will over-analyze it and tell you it's impossibly high. I don't know how the CVBs calculate those figures. I do know that in 1994 in Winnipeg, the city was absolutely overjoyed at having us there. ConAdian was about three-fifths the size of ConJose, so the economic impact was lower, but Winnipeg is a smaller city. ConAdian was reportedly the largest international conference in the province that year. The Mayor of Winnipeg gave a speech at the Opening Ceremonies. We probably would have had the provincial premier too, except that he had to be in Ottawa for the annual conference of premiers. Imagine if L.A.con IV had been so important to the state economy the Governor had decided to show up and personally open the convention in thanks!

That would have been cool. I think Gray Davis would have had a good old time. I know Cinequest does

about the same amount for the local economy, and that's spread out over a week and a half. There's a lot less Hotel staying for CQ though.

You further asked, "Maybe it's just me, but are we soon to have large chunks of fandom priced-out of Worldcon?" I'm afraid it's already happened, and really, I don't see any way to stop it without destroying what Worldcon has become. Prices are increasing at approximately double the rate of inflation since 1984, and there has been also what you might call "feature creep" as the regular Worldcon attendees have come to expect a certain level of services that simply



weren't there twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. And those are the people who vote on where the Worldcon will be. You could go out there and bid for a Worldcon in a cheap site, saying, "We're going to cut this, that, and something else so that we can get the cost back down to something that Real Fans can afford." And you'd lose, because every group you antagonized by cutting their function would vote for your competition that pledged to hold a "traditional" Worldcon. Reducing the site selection lead time to two years won't exactly reduce costs -- it will just postpone the next price increase, I think.

I'm worried about when it'll get to the point that attendance will be seriously affected by costs. I'm guessing the next big economic downturn will make it very important for folks to start to consider what the important parts of a WorldCon are.

If you like charts and graphs about Worldcon related statistics, have a look at <http://www.smofinfo.com/>.

I love charts. It's why I read USA Today.

You said, "I've never witnessed your Business Meeting running skills." They've been honed by the sharp characters of BASFA, trust me. After going through some of the things people invent there, it's usually not that hard to keep up when there is

somewhat more at stake.

Good point. I do love BASFA's take on Parliamentary Procedures, but I'm terribly afraid that it would be less fun to go and see it in serious action. I remember Student Government as VP and being bored silly. Of course, it didn't help that I was a part of a jingoistic Emerson junta.

And finally, you said, "I should make a point to go...maybe propose splitting the best Novella into Best Novella and Best Slightly Shorter Novella." Nah, don't do that -- the meeting would kill it by Objection to Consideration in a flash and what fun is that? You really want to stir the pot, propose merging the two middle-length fiction categories (Novella and Novelette) back together. There are a reasonable number of Business Meeting regulars who would support such a proposal -- probably at least enough to prevent it from being "spiked" on an OTC -- so you'd get a

chance to see the meeting debate it seriously, I think. (I feel safe enough proposing you do this even though I'm chairing next year because you aren't going so you won't be able to propose it, and I reckon I can't be accused of trying to bias the results.) Given how much you've enjoyed BASFA, I think you'd find a WSFS Business Meeting interesting, and maybe even entertaining.

Damn, it would be so wonderful to make a completely absurd suggestion and raise the matter, have it debated and then destroyed. That's the way I like things: complicated and seriously thought about before the reality drifts in. Has anyone come into the business meeting proposing to disband WSFS? I'm sure that would get the same treatment.

Kevin Standlee ("The Tall One")
Thanks much, Kevin! Make sure to read Andy Trembley's blog for the Site Selection Voting Script!

Here's something from the editor of my favourite remaining Sercon Zine: Matt Appleton! He writes a little something about a subject that I do rather love: Baseball.

Number 28: When Fandoms Collide by Matthew Appleton

Number 29: Baseball Annie by Core Folio

For a fan of just about anything, all things in life seem to tie into the fannish pursuit. When you find yourself within multiple fandoms, those moments when two or more of them intersect should bring exponential joy, and far more often than not, that is the case. However, sometimes, they can intersect in less than pleasant ways.

For going on six years now, that intersection occurs every September with the Philadelphia Phillies and their attempts to make the National League playoffs via the Wild Card.



Their repeated failures are starting to become reminiscent of Bill Murray's character in Groundhog Day -- a severely underrated fantasy film which every SF&F fan should see, if he or she hasn't already -- in that the Phillies and their fans seem to be reliving the same season over and over again and cannot find a way to break out of the cycle.

Last year, the Phillies finished at 88-74, just one game behind the wild card Astros -- who swept the Phillies over the course of the season. In 2004, they were 86-76 and six games behind. In 2003, they were 86-76 and five games behind. However, the games behind total doesn't do justice to the season -- with one week left a sweep of the Marlins could've put them into the playoffs. Instead, the intrepid team from Florida swept them. In 2001, they finished at 86-76, two games behind the Atlanta Braves for the division title. That's three 86-76 finishes and one 88-74 finish over the past five years.

As I write this, with just four games left in the season, they are at 83-75. Another 86-76 season is well within their grasp and almost certainly it once again won't be enough. Just three days ago, the Phillies had a chance to move a full game ahead of the Dodgers for that wild card spot, but now are a game behind. They need to win out the remainder of the season and get some help from one of the

Dodgers' opponents if they're to make the postseason.

Fortunately, unlike Bill Murray's character, I theoretically have an easy way out of my recurring nightmare. I could just forsake the team and root for the team closest to where I now live. However, I have too much emotional capital invested in the team from Philly, and I cannot bring myself to let them go. Like any other irrational sports fan, I'm convinced that the year I give up on them is the year they win it all. Therefore, the easy way out is actually not a viable option.

Given my enthusiasm for SF&F, I like to think I would enjoy living in a fantasy world, but right I find myself stuck in a fantasy world from which I cannot escape. The Phillies are repeating themselves again, and I am powerless to stop it.



One of the themes I chose for this issue was Meaningless Milestones. This one from Frank Wu looks at that brilliantly!

Number 30: MEANINGLESS MILESTONES: 79 and .367 by Frank Wu

Number 31: Is it PON FAR time already? by DL Norton

Number 32: Cobb by Benito67

Number 33: The Babe by Carbon Sky

Number 34: Fumiko by Fumikaza

Number 35: Kirk by Kevin Greene

To the true geek, the significance and derivation of the number 79 should be immediately clear. However, since I don't want to lose half my readership in the first sentence, I shall repeat the question that True Fans used to ask each other as a shibboleth:

How many episodes of "Star Trek" are there?

Note the purposeful non-use of the appendage "TOS" (The Original Series). These discussions took place in the seventies and eighties, way before the gutless wonder that is "The Next Generation" splattered its sterile and pre-packaged, too-neatly-trimmed, passionless, pre-digested pabulum across our TV screens.



The answer was, of course, 79. 79 “Star Trek” episodes. But if you were not just a geek, but an ubergeek (a term that didn’t exist back then), you would also add, “That is, 79 not counting the unaired pilot and counting the two-part episode as two, or 79 counting the first pilot - which no one’s seen - and counting the two-part episode as one.”

Such an extended answer would thus establish the respondent as a True Geek who would not need to further prove his “Star Trek” trivia credentials by submitting to a barrage of additional questions, like: What was

the nickname Nancy Crater used for Dr. McCoy? OR: What was the NCC number for the “Constellation”?

79 was a significant enough milestone that it was referenced - in an insulting way - in “The Next Generation.” The otherwise pointless TNG episode “Legacy” (in which we meet Tasha Yar’s sister - snore) was episode no. 80, and at the beginning of the show one of the characters says, “Passing Camus II,” in reference to the alien world in “Star Trek”’s episode 79, “Turnabout Intruder.” How dare they? How could the producers of TNG thus insult the fans of the original “Trek” by saying they were thus better than us (“passing” us) by shoving a parade of stupid episode after stupid episode down our throats? It was maddening.

(Another thing which annoys me is the depiction of “Trek” fans as referring to episodes by number - as in that “Saturday Night Live” skit with William Shatner and in the “Futurama” episode. Real fans don’t refer to episodes by number [please excuse my lapse in the previous paragraph]. We use the titles. Using numbers would be stupid, especially since there are several different numbering conventions - do we number by production number or by airdates or stardates? Thus, “Where No Man Has Gone Before” could be counted as episode 1 (considering that it was the first filmed episode actually shown),

or episode 2 (it was the second filmed after the unaired pilot, “The Cage”) or episode 3 (third broadcast). Real fans don’t refer to episodes by number - that’s a lie and a deceit and an insult because it assumes that we know trivia for no reason. No, we know this trivia so we can build fantastic architectures of argument and discussion - we can build community. We’re geeky, yes, but not *pointlessly* geeky. That is the greatest misunderstanding of the geek by the non-geek. We are NOT geeks with NO purpose. So, no, we don’t refer to episodes by number. But we do ask each other questions like, Name all 5 episodes with one-word titles.)

79 is an important number - as significant in the intellectual landscape to the geek as certain numbers are to baseball fans. (Notice my smooth, skillful transition from “Trek” to baseball?)

Important numbers like 61. (Home runs hit by Roger Maris in 1961) Or



714. (Lifetime home runs hit by Babe Ruth). Or 56 (Consecutive games with a hit by Joe DiMaggio in 1941 - still a record. 56 is significant because it is less than 57. That last, hitless game cost him \$10,000 in an endorsement from Heinz 57).

Or, most interestingly, .366. When Ty Cobb retired in 1928, the books said he had 4,191 hits and a lifetime batting average of .367, highest ever, among the ninety major league records he held. And those numbers - .367 and 4,191 - were handed down like heirlooms, as the monumental achievements against which all baseball players compared themselves. They were like the 10 Commandments, the measuring stick for all generations, past, present, future. (Pete Rose later broke the all-time hits record, but no one's come close to the lifetime batting average.)

Then, in the early 1990's, some clowns re-investigated history, re-examining every one of Ty Cobb's at-bats. They discovered that the record books were wrong and Cobb was credited with two hits he didn't deserve, and so his numbers were now, in terms of historical accuracy, .366 and 4,189.

Baseball fans nearly had a riot.

It was like telling a bunch of church-goers that there were really 11 Commandments (actually there are a bunch more, but we won't go there).



Or telling people that the Declaration of Independence wasn't signed on July 4, 1776. (It actually wasn't, but, don't tell anyone that, either.)

Baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn responded to the notion of researching and revising history. "The passage of 70 years constitutes a certain statute of limitation as to recognizing any changes in the records with confidence of the accuracy of such changes." Hall of Fame librarian Tim Wiles reacted more passionately to revisionism: "Some of these numbers acquire a kind of poetry to them. When someone takes them away or changes them and says we've improved baseball record-keeping, it's someone else's loss."

And thus Wiles hits on the key word here: "Poetry."

There is a certain poetry to .367

which .366 lacks (though, of course the poetry may be partially derived from the fact that this number was repeated over and over for decades).

The number of episodes of a TV show has a significance that other measurements of size do not - how many people know how many minutes long was "The Empire Strikes Back" or how many chapters there are in "A Tale of Two Cities" or how many cantos in Dante's "Inferno"? (Just last month I was asked how many episodes I thought there were of "H.R. Pufnstuf". It had run for years, so I guessed 40 or 50. The correct answer, I was told, was 17 - which were just rerun over and over, but since we were kids we didn't notice.)

For "Trek," 79 had practical considerations, too. 79 is greater than 75. 75 was the minimum number of episodes needed to "strip" a TV show in the seventies, or repeat it every night in reruns. This repetition was what gained "Star Trek" its great fanbase, which eventually resulted in the film series and then all the newer "Trek"-derived shows. (Thus shows like "UFO" [26 episodes] or "The Outer Limits" [49 episodes, counting the two-part episode as two] were hamstrung in generating large fanbases, as they could only be shown once a week, perhaps on a Saturday afternoon.)

Critic Gary Westphal made an interesting point about this "stripping"



of “Star Trek.” He posits the unpopular notion that William Shatner, for all his histrionics and hamminess, was the ideal Captain, because by his strong convictions, he convinced audiences to suspend disbelief. Westphal noted that Shatner, even in his first episode, “strives to show that he really **believes** in the world of the ‘Enterprise’, that he is really **worried** about the threat posed by his friend’s new powers, that he really **cares** about his crew and his friend. ... In essence, by his example, Shatner **trained** viewers to love ‘Star Trek’; and the program’s stunning success in syndication may be in part attributed to the fact that the experience of observing Shatner five times a week, not just once a week, made his lessons five times more effective.”

Interestingly, reaching 75 was the most important result of the letter-writing campaign to “Save Star Trek” for a third season after the network wanted to cancel it. Even though the third season generally sucked, we needed those episodes to push us over 75. Thus, paradoxically, wishing the 3rd season episodes out of existence, which would have increased the overall average quality of “Trek”, would have doomed to show to the pit of forgetfulness.

So, yeah, say what you will about the meaninglessness of 79 and .367, but We know. The True Fans know

how meaningful these seemingly meaningless milestones truly are.

And the True Fans also know: Plum, NCC-1017, and, in alphabetical order, “Arena,” “Catspaw,” “Metamorphosis,” “Miri” and “Obsession.”



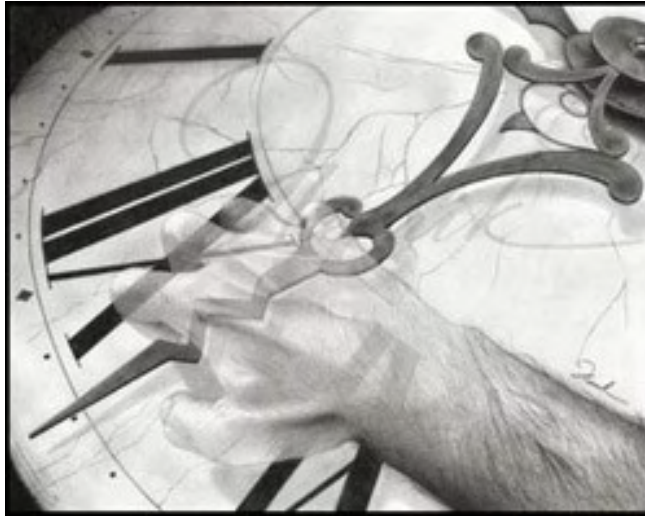
Ladies and Gentlemen, in the UK there's this guy named Niall Harrison. If you keep up with UK fandom at all, you've probably heard of him. He's the next Dave Langford and is already one of my top five fan writers on that side of the water. And now he's making his Drink Tank debut!

Number 36: Meaningless Milestones by Niall Harrison

Number 37: Can't Turn Back Time by Shimoda

Number 38: Milestone by Little Miss Minty

Seasons are the milestones of the year. If I'm asked what my favourite season is, I always say autumn, because autumn has cool clear skies, the shush of bright fallen leaves, and for me, nostalgia for the academic year, which lends a counterintuitive sense of acceleration to the days, a soft zing which spices all activities. But sometimes I think my favourite time of year might really be the cusp days just *before* autumn: late August, early September, the last days of summer, when the full heat of the season is past but the rains are still gentle rather than dreary. Those days always seem to me the most contemplative of the year (with with possible exception of



the Christmas-New Year time-slip, although that has always seemed to me a period that should be left out of any sensible reckoning of the year), as anticipation of autumn's distracting charms mingles with reflection on recent events. It doesn't seem to matter that some years, such as this, I don't have much to reflect on--life in 2006 has been very much a case of keeping on keeping on, work and my various fannish activities between them combining to leave me without much time for new ambitions--the days still have a backward-looking air to them.

So it was that I found myself thinking about summers past. For the past few years, my summers have followed a more-or-less regular schedule, from my birthday at the end of June, through Truck music festival in July, to Caption in early August. Inevitably, some event or other has always plunked into the water: last

year it was the bloody British bloody Worldcon, the year before that was The Summer I Had A Girlfriend, and from 2003 I remember most clearly the road trip down to Cornwall to see PJ Harvey and Elbow play an Eden Session. But in some ways, it seems to me, these events are all just lenses. They colour my memories, but they don't change the fundamental shape of them. I am a creature of habit, comfortable with established routines, familiar anniversaries, and ever wary of too much disruption. (Surprising, then, or perhaps not, that I'm a science fiction fan.) This year was remarkable in that there was no such singular event, leaving the bare bones of my summer calendar exposed as the meaningless milestones they are. No, not meaningless, because they give my life a structure, an understory, that frees me from having to worry about it. They mean comfort.





Here's another Drink Tank debut from a guy who I met through The Everlasting Club APA. Ladies and Gents...Mark Valentine!

Number 39: THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL AT ONE HUNDRED AND ONE by Mark Valentine

Number 40: The Scarlet Pimpernel by Sandora

Number 41: Pimpernel by Grey Flea

Number 42: They Seek Him Here by ofBorg

Only a handful of writers in each generation create a character who becomes immortal – a name

immediately recognised by virtually everyone. In late Victorian times, there was of course Sherlock Holmes, Dracula and Dr Jekyll. But one of the first legendary creations of the new century was also in some ways the unlikeliest – a lisping, posing dandy named after a wild flower. He was, of course, much more than that: a champion of aristocracy, a bold rescuer of the condemned, a paragon of daring-do: Baroness Orczy's Sir Percy Blakeney, universally known by his nom de guerre, The Scarlet Pimpernel. And now in 2006 it is one hundred and one years since her hero first appeared in book form: what better occasion to review his progress ?

Baroness Orczy – she is rarely heard of with her first name, Emma, or Emmuska to her family – was born in 1865 to Hungarian aristocrats, her father a Baron who was also a man of culture, a composer and impresario, and her mother a Countess with highly traditional views. In one episode of her childhood that may well have influenced her Pimpernel stories, her father was forced from his castle and lands by angry peasants who resented his agricultural reforms. The family lived in the capital, Budapest, for a while and then in several European cities. Orczy came to London with her parents in 1890, and became an art student, which led to her meeting her future husband, Henry Barstow.

She liked England, and her marriage in 1894 meant that she made it her home, until fame and fortune took her to Monte Carlo to live, some twenty years later.

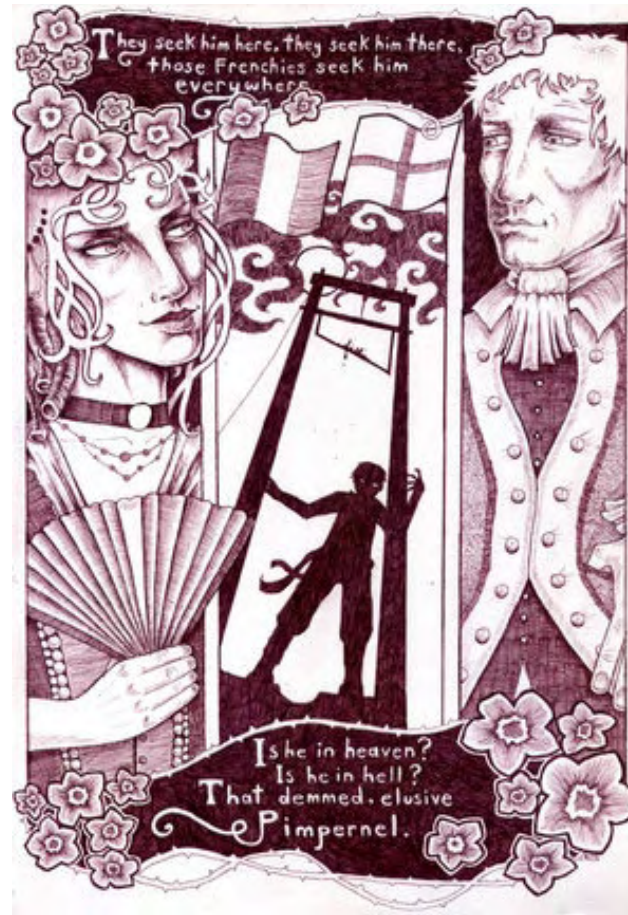
Though apparently an accomplished amateur artist, she soon realised that her talents lay in storytelling and with the typical confidence that characterised her approach to life, she set herself to sell her tales to the burgeoning popular markets in publishing. Her first novel, the evocatively-titled *The Emperor's Candlesticks* was published in 1899.

Although the Pimpernel is by far her best-known creation, Orczy also has a following in detective fiction circles for her stories about 'The Old Man in the Corner', a ruminant sleuth who solves crimes from his seat in a café (serialised from 1901, collected in 1909). She also created one of the first female detectives, with *Lady Molly of Scotland Yard* (1910).

Nevertheless, none of these ever reached the peak of interest achieved by her dashing enemy of the French Revolution. The inspiration for The Scarlet Pimpernel is well known. While travelling on the London Underground, she said she simply "saw" him: "in his exquisite clothes, his slender hands holding up his spy glass, I heard his long, drawling speech, his quaint laugh." The encounter is rather like the one that led Anthony Hope

to write his immortal swashbuckler *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) after he passed on the pavement two men with a close resemblance and immediately the yarn started to spin before him: just a simple chance glimpse or vision setting off the story in both cases.

And in fact it is quite likely that the success of Hope's novel of Ruritania, in which a gallant and rakish Englishman rescues royalty in distress, created a mood among readers for similar adventures – one which was receptive to Baroness Orczy's *Scarlet Pimpernel*. The continued popularity of Dickens' 1859 romance of Revolutionary France, *A Tale of Two Cities* ("It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done...") must have helped too: readers could enjoy a series in which Sidney Carton gets saved – every time. Much of the fun of the books is in the contrast between Sir Percy's effete society persona, as a drawing idler, and his other life as an audacious adventurer. This was a clever device that probably appealed to an imperial readership who had been perturbed by the affectations of the young men of the "decadent" Nineties and wanted to believe there was still true steel beneath: A E W Mason's *The Four Feathers* (1902) had played up to the same theme. Another factor was perhaps a yearning for simpler, sharper outlines of good and bad, in a country still recovering from



the setbacks and difficulties of the Boer War, a war opposed by most other European nations.

Whatever the reasons, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, initially rejected by publishers, was a great success when launched as a play (co-written with her husband) from 1903, and the first book capitalised on that. Though it came from a relatively small and obscure publisher, Greening & Co, it rapidly reached healthy sales.

Though she never abandoned

her other writing, Baroness Orczy was quick to understand that the public really wanted more of the man who cocked a snook at the guillotine. She wrote nine more *Pimpernel* novels in total, plus two volumes of short stories. Inevitably, not all of these are as fresh as the very first title, but some enthusiasts have a good word even for the very last title, *Mam'zelle Guillotine* (1940). One point that is sometimes misunderstood is that *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is not just the name used by Sir Percy, but refers to a whole band of rescuers, spies and conspirators – what would later be called a Resistance. It is this "League" that aids the English fop in his incredible deeds.

A few of the early sequels don't have any hint in the main title that they belong to the *Pimpernel* series: look out especially for the second, *I Will Repay* (1906), fourth, *Eldorado* (1913) and fifth, *Lord Tony's Wife* (1917). They all have the same gusto and panache of the first book, and indeed some enthusiasts consider that these are even better.

But later, the Baroness or her publisher took care to include a suitable reference in most of the titles. However, because they wanted to make the most of the fame of her hero, the unwary reader needs to watch out for some *Pimpernel* titles that are not quite what they seem. *The Pimpernel and Rosemary* (1924) is not about Sir Percy

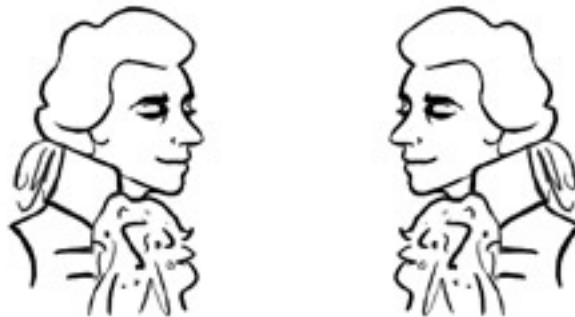
at all, but simply refers to the flower; *The First Sir Percy* (1920) refers to an ancestor; while *The Scarlet Pimpernel Looks At the World* (1933) is simply a collection of essays by the Baroness with only a tenuous Pimpernel link. On the other hand, a book not by the Baroness that is still well worth looking out for is a “biography” of the hero, written by one “John Blakeney”, generally believed to be in fact her son John Barstow under a pseudonym drawn, of course, from the Pimpernel’s home, Blakeney Manor. This adroitly and entertainingly fills in the gaps that the Baroness’s books do not reveal.

The Pimpernel did not stay for long just between book covers. There have been numerous radio, tv and film versions of the books. The most successful is probably the adaptation of the first novel by the great Hungarian-British director Alexander Korda in 1935, with Leslie Howard in the title role. But there have been well over twenty screen versions of the various novels, with varying degrees of success.

Baroness Orczy died in 1947, back in London, the author of over fifty books, always proud of her most famous creation, and equally steadfast in her own, by then somewhat old-fashioned, aristocratic values. But interest in the Pimpernel has continued to thrive. There was a Broadway musical – the plot changed a

bit – in the Nineties, which later toured the USA and still has performances and quite a number of fans today. There was a BBC TV series with the louche Richard E. Grant in the title role in 1998. In 1997, the Folio Society produced a fine edition of the first book, with clever, quirky collage-type artwork by Lucy Weller, and a somewhat ambivalent introduction by Hilary Mantel. The Pimpernel features – along with many other heroes of fiction – in Alan Moore’s League of Extraordinary Gentlemen series. The revival of interest in historical fiction, with the creation of numerous historical detectives, has also resulted in several imitations of the Pimpernel, named equally improbably after flowers.

But surely none will ever capture the breathless dash of the original. So here’s to the first hundred years of The Scarlet Pimpernel stories, in the sure knowledge he’ll still be around in another hundred. He may be “demned elusive” to his revolutionary pursuers, but he’s very much on hand for the reader who relishes a good yarn.



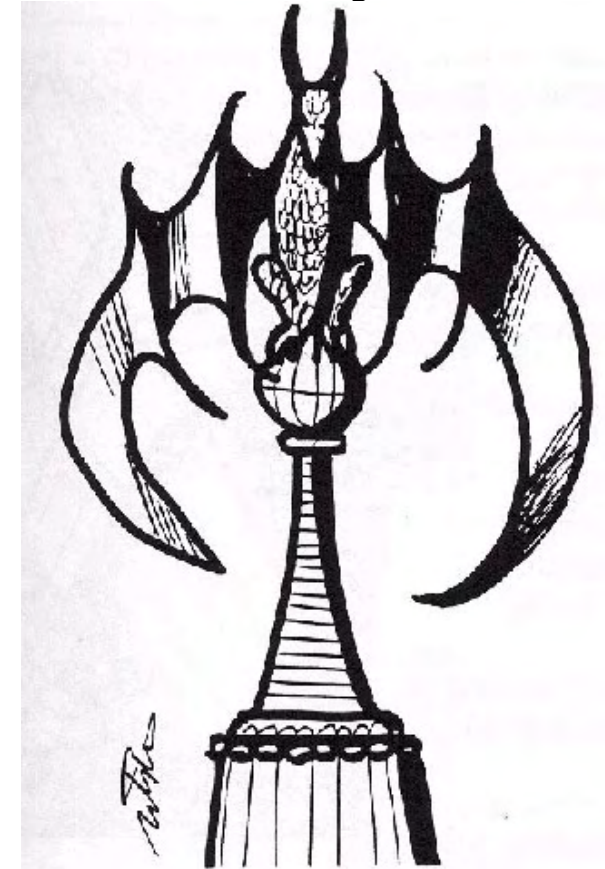
I’d been waiting for days to find out if I got my TV show on CBS. I got a call on Friday morning.

“Hi Chris, this is Peter. I’ve got the word and it’s not good news.”

I sorta stopped listening at that point. Yes, it would have been awesome to have my own TV show. Sadly, later that day, I was in the car when my friend Alana was t-boned.

This Rotsler’s to cheer me up!

Number 43: Beast by Bill Rotsler



Here's a piece from Long-Time Drink Tank friend Eric Mayer that continues the baseball thread!

Number 44: The Stats of Summer by Eric Mayer

Number 45: Tops Bob Buhl Baseball Card from 1954

Number 46: Bowman Mickey Mantel Card from 1955

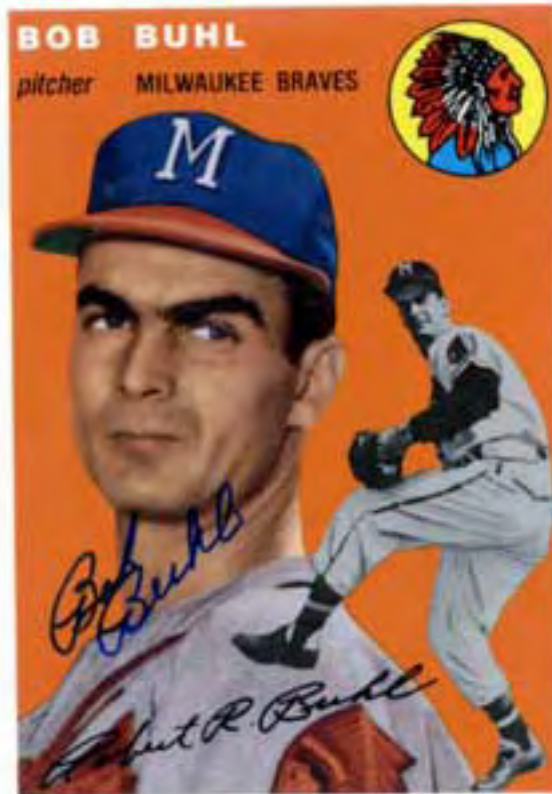
100. That's a lot of issues for a fanzine, especially in less than 2 years. I published my own zine, Groggy, for 13 or 14 years and only managed 41 issues, if I recall correctly, which I probably don't.

Numbers and I never hit it off. They're too precise, too demanding. They insist on playing by their own rules, not mine. In gradeschool I got along fine with words. Words are flexible, they tend to have various meanings and connotations and fit together practically any way you want to arrange them. When I only had words to deal with, I was pretty darn smart. Then long division snuck up and knocked me down the stairs of the educational system into the subbasement hell of liberal arts. I ended up doing 40 years to life on a B.A. I hate numbers.

Except for baseball statistics.
Put a decimal before that '100'

and it makes sense to me. .100? Bob Buhl's batting average during a one of his better years. The arithmetic tutor my parents hired did some good. If you consider it good to be able to divide hits by at bats to come up with a player's batting average. Admittedly, it's a rudimentary calculation. I never had to agonize over where to stick the decimal before taking a blind stab and getting it wrong, like a batter waving at a changeup when he's guessed fastball. In batting averages, the decimal always comes first.

This was in the days before calculators did the heavy lifting, when



you still had to scratch those numbers out by hand. More than 40 years ago. 40 years ago? Me? There's another number I don't like having to write.

Not surprisingly, I couldn't manage algebra when it arrived to taunt me, about the same time as zits did. I was clearly of no use in post-Sputnik America. Or so I gathered. My guidance counselor advised me to lie down on a rock and die. However, even though I had no future, I could still compile the batting statistics for my Strat-O-Matic replay of the 1962 baseball season.

The replay was far more exciting than my junior high life. I can't remember much of what went on in either, but I can at least recall rolling those 3 Strat-O-Matic game dice whereas I deduce I attended school only from the evidence of my eventual inglorious graduation.

I suppose my classmates sat in study hall fretting about zits and who to invite to the dance. I worried about whether Yogi Berra should catch or play against the Red Sox and zits.

In my league we played morning as well as evening games. I've encountered few things in life as frustrating as having to suspend an extra inning contest to catch a school bus.

My dad brought home reams of the score sheets I devised, copied on his school's ditto machine. That was

one of my earliest exposures to ditto. Ah, the smell of duplicating fluid and the click of dice hitting cardboard. Brings back memories of Johnny Blanchard belting a home run for the Yankees. (That was column 1 across and line 5 down on his batting card)

I love baseball stats because they're not like other numbers. They're nothing to do with indecipherable textbooks or the horrible squeal of chalk scrawling hideous, mind maddening equations across green slate. Baseball stats are part of the sport itself like the smell of a freshly oiled leather glove or the electric shock that runs up your arms when you foul off a pitch on a cold day in March.

Baseball stats are just a part of a baseball card, the way stitches are part of a baseball. Even today, glancing over VORPs, Replacement Values, Range Factors, Runs Created and the million other baseball numbers that didn't even exist when I was a kid, I can detect the faint pink of bubblegum dust.

Words fascinate me with their ability to describe things that are no more or never were, to conjure up pictures and stories. Numbers can describe the universe, but only to those who understand long division and algebra. $E=MC^2$ no doubt paints a beautiful picture for a scientist but not for me.



Even I, though, can grasp the most common numerical descriptions of baseball. .365 brings to my mind a picture of Triple Crown winner Mickey Mantle. .135 shows me Ray Oyler. There's nothing relative about numbers like those. Accelerate Ray Oyler as fast as you please, you won't end up with the Mick.

When I think of old ballplayers I see the numbers on the backs of their cards more clearly than their faces on the fronts. Well, in truth, the numbers often come from some baseball reference book. I never had much luck finding cards of superstars. Every time I opened a pack I hoped for Mickey Mantle but I always got Steve Ridzik instead.

Individual statistics describe each player and taken together with boxscores and team standings, allow the story of a whole season to be relived. I've spent countless hours reading the tales told by columns of baseball numbers. Strange to think

how those arabic symbols I hate, and which have caused me so much grief by my inability to employ them, have brought me so much enjoyment in this one context.

By the time home computers were able to use statistics to simulate baseball seasons, I was long past hiding from reality in childish baseball fantasies. (Having hidden instead in fandom, small press comics and writing unpublishable sf). Still, when Strat-O-Matic for Apple computers appeared, I couldn't resist buying a set of 5¼ inch floppies. The best part, for me, was how the computer kept track of all the numbers. I didn't need to endlessly order more scoresheets from my dad, or fill them in, or add and divide the numbers or erase the mistakes I made and add and divide again, and again.

Computerized baseball! It was as amazing as a moon landing. Why hadn't the science fiction writers predicted it?

Like many sf fans, Mike Glicksohn is a baseball enthusiast and so, when he visited, we retired to the basement where I kept my computer for a ballgame. Mike chose to manage the 1962 Cleveland Indians while I picked that year's Los Angeles Angels. I could see why Mike chose the those Indians. They had been a favorite of mine, back in my junior high days,

boasting a lineup of players who could smack the ball out of the park once in a while, even if they were pitifully deficient in every other skill. (Strat-O fielder ratings of 4!) For the Halos, I started a far over-the-hill Ryne Duren because in his prime he had been a terrifyingly wild, fireballing relief pitcher for my hometown favorite Yankees. Also we had visited a few bars.

The players, dressed up as words and numbers scrolled out onto the black electronic field and the game got underway. Bubba Kirkland went down swinging on what would have been a roll to the pitcher's card but was now just an idea in the mind of the computer. Chuck Essegian bashed a long fly that Albie Pearson tracked down on the machine's internal fielding chart. Willie Kirkland, Jerry Kindall and Al Luplow flailed at unhittable dice throws produced by a random number generator.

Forty minutes later it was over. The roar of the disk drive was deafening. Ryne Duren's lousy 1962 stats had thrown a no-hitter.

Mike must have though I was the worst sport in the world. I did everything but dance on my desk in celebration.

I couldn't help it. By some bizarre statistical quirk, despite all the thousands of games I'd played, I'd never witnessed a no-hitter until the

first time I played another fan.

I suppose faanish baseball gems are even rarer than 100 issue fanzines. But probably not much.



Number 47 and 48: Apparently, I've Got Nothing To Say & Chris For TAFF image by Robert B. Hole, Jr.

I've tried. I really have tried.

I've started several articles, trying to come up with something worthy of issue 100 of the Drink Tank, and I just can't do it.

I could write something about my short history in fandom, starting in about 1976 with attending my first Star Trek convention at De Anza College, featuring George Takei, then leading to visits to cons at the old Jack Tar hotel, progressing through DunDraCon at the Dunfey hotel and a decade involved in the SCA. But I won't.

Given the Drink Tank's history I could write something about sex. But you don't want to hear it. You really don't.

I could write something about

the documentary movie I'm going to be making in the next few months - a movie about my photographer step-mom and her work with native Americans. But I won't.

I could probably write something about stamp collecting, rock collecting or the other collecting I do. Nah. Maybe birdwatching? Nah. Boring in this context.

I could probably write something about art. I know Frank Wu does that. I dunno, though. I'm just startin' out by comparison.

I could write a review of WorldCon. It was great. I had a fantastic time. They foolishly put me on six panels. I enjoyed the heck out of it all. I saw (besides you, Chris) almost no one I knew previously which was a bummer, but whatever. I never got to Disneyland, so I don't have any Disnified stories. Match Game was also lots of fun, and I was PA for that and so missed seeing the incident at the Hugos, so I can't really comment on even that.

I suppose I could do something humorous. Something about a parrot with no legs that falls off its perch. It's not really funny, though.

Overall, I just don't have anything to write. Except maybe "Congratulations on reaching 100 weeks of age."

So, Congratulations on reaching 100 weeks of age, Drink Tank.

He needs no introduction: Ted White

Number 49: Cosmic, Man by Ted White

Number 50: WorldCon 1978 Programme Book Cover (I can't find who did it!)

In 1978 I went to Phoenix, Arizona for that year's Worldcon. It was incredibly hot in Phoenix in late August, and for the most part I stayed indoors where it was air-conditioned.

I had a room in the main hotel. It was a nice room -- large, with a table and several chairs in addition to two large beds (only one of which I used).

It was an "interesting" convention for me because both my former wife, Robin, and my current girlfriend, Vera, were there. Robin had moved to Tucson earlier that year. We'd separated six years earlier and our divorce was final four years after that. So Robin was old history, and her presence had no real effect on me. Vera was in the process of making up her mind about how far to pursue her relationship with me (then about three months old), and to assist her in this was discussing it with her previous boyfriend, also there from Minneapolis. I saw no good in that, but realized that it was in my best interests to keep my mouth shut about it. But I didn't see much of Vera during the convention.

Saturday night I had a party in my room. I had a sound system set up in my room, and I was playing tapes I'd made of radio shows (music) I'd done as a deejay. The room rapidly filled up -- with both people and smoke. At the height of the party every square inch of both beds was occupied by sitting or sprawling people, with more standing, leaning against the walls, or sitting in the chairs or on the floors. I'd guess there were 20 or 30 people crammed into my room for that party.

And at one particular moment of acuity I stood up and took an overview of the room. I noticed several things. The first thing I noticed was how many of the men in the room (including



myself) were current or former lovers of Robin's. There were eight or nine of us. (Robin had an active love-life after we broke up; most of her lovers were also friends of mine.)

But the next thing I noticed was more remarkable: If you took a bird's eye view of the room -- if you looked straight down at it from the ceiling -- *all of Robin's lovers or ex-lovers* were, in this crowded party, *lined up*. That is, looking down at us all, you could have drawn a straight line which would have gone straight through all eight or nine of us.

I pointed this out to Dan Steffan (one of that number). "Look," I said, "you can draw a straight line and it would include all of us."

"Wow," Dan said. "What are the odds?" What indeed? "This can't be a coincidence," he said.

But of course it *was* a coincidence. Obviously, it was a coincidence. Five minutes earlier or later it wouldn't have been true. "It's a coincidence, all right," I said to Dan, "but it's no ordinary coincidence. It's a Cosmic Coincidence."

And then and there we formulated the "rules" for Cosmic Coincidences. Boiled down, they are *only* coincidences, but their nature is such that it's hard to accept them as that. They *seem* to embody some sort of Cosmic Significance, although in fact they don't. You know I mean.

Everyone has experienced at least one Cosmic Coincidence. They leave us puzzled, maybe with a false sense of déjà vu, about what we've just experienced. What did that *mean*? It didn't actually "mean" anything, after all. It just seemed somehow *important* at that moment.

What I mean is, it's *cosmic*, man!

Number 51: Something from John Paul Garcia

Number 52: Pops photos taken by James Kahn

Number 53: Cosmic by dv81

As everyone knows, my Pops died this year. He brought me to the game and I'm just keeping up the good work. I've got all sorts of things that Dad wrote, but here's my favourite thing in his notebooks.

Chris and I should open a bookstore someday.

Thank God I'll be dead before we're gonna try that.

That's my Dad.



Selected Shorts



Namaste, y'all! Here are some very short pieces submitted by some very good people. You know I love the very short form, and these folks sent me some wonderful submissions

One of the reasons I'm into fanzinisting is the man named Earl Kemp. My Dad had a copy of *Who Killed Science Fiction?* and it was one of my early faves. Now, he's been in these pages before, but thankfully, he sent this today.

Number 54: Untitled by Earl Kemp

Most of the time I can't even say "good morning" in 100 words. How the hell am I going to write 100 words about something significant about the number 100? Plus, working in running gags about baseball and /Star Trek/. Needless to say, I have nothing positive to say about either of them, and often things negative in need of exposure. There are times, Chris, in your need to volume and haste (I am surprised that you can do it almost as good as I can), that you leave me far behind. These 100 words attest to that quite adequately.
-Earl Kemp

Again: Mr. Kevin Standlee

Number 55: 100 Words About Why I Do What I Do by Kevin Standlee

In 1984, I attended my first science fiction convention, the 1984 Worldcon, L.A.con II. It changed my life. I discovered a community where I belonged. I never wanted to leave it. Ever since that weekend in Anaheim, I have felt that I owe a debt of gratitude, one that can never be repaid, only "paid forward." I've spent much of my life "paying forward" that favor, with interest. Fandom, as I see it, is a "potlatch" economy, where most people should be putting more into it than they take out of it. I hope it will always be that way.

Number 56: Hugo Award 1984



Here are a couple of pieces from Barbara Johnson-Haddad

Number 57: Midnight Battle by Barbara Johnson-Haddad

The blanket mice are swarming, they've infested the bed. They move under the covers. One crept past my head. I leap! I pounce! I use my teeth, upon the fearsome foe. But then my owner wakes and scolds and says I bit his toe.



Number 59: Devil May Care

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but as the bacteria swarm, smog settles and dust clings
real cleanliness is next to impossible!
So, when I eventually die, all I am asking is to be
a home for stray germs, dusted once a week
and sprayed, to keep most of the ants off.

Number 58: Mouse by manuamador



I love John Purcell. The guy makes me look like a simp and he's getting out issues faster than me. I was very pleased to get this piece from John.

Number 59: Happy 100th issue, Chris! by John Purcell

Number 60: Birthday Cake Clip Art from Microsoft

Number 61: The Funniest Birthday Cake Ever made by Hubby Eli for XMLGRRL

There have not been many

one-editor general circulation fanzines that have made it to the 100-issue mark. This is indeed quite a milestone. Usually numbered issues like this are found in apas, but there are a handful of single-editor zines – like Dave Langford's *Ansible*, Mike Glycer's *File:770*, and Robert Sabella's *Visions of Paradise* – that have passed this plateau. For an extreme example, Mark and Evelyn Leeper recently pubbed the 1352nd issue of *MT Void*, a bikeweekly news/reviewzine they've produced for something like 25 years now.

No, there really aren't that many. I was just perusing www.efanzines.com, Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole fanzine bibliography, and www.fanac.org for other examples, and the only other ones are that are up there in the numerical stratosphere tend to be apas; Jim Caughran's *A Propos de Rien* is at #275 and counting for FAPA, and Arthur Hlavaty stopped his *Diagonal Relationship/Dillinger Relic/Derogatory Reference* at #100. (However, I do not think this was ever intended for apas, although I may be wrong here. Arthur will have to elaborate on this.) Some other high-numbered fanzines come to mind, too, and these are club-zines which have maintained rotating editorships since day one. *Checkpoint* (Second series) by Peter Roberts, Darroll Pardo and Ian Maule is one such example of longevity via committee.

No matter the case, for one person

to maintain such interest is either (a) laudable; (b) laughable; (c) ludicrous; and/or (d) insane. Face it: Chris Garcia has reached 100 issues of *The Drink Tank* probably faster than any one person has ever done before! Note the use of the qualifier "probably" here. My Internet searches have revealed nothing to match Chris' solo accomplishment. It took Langford **years** to get *Ansible* up there; Chris has done it in something like 21 months. If I remember correctly, he began the zine at the beginning of 2005. I have done the math (silly me): 100 issues in 91 weeks. That's one zine every 1.10 weeks, or less than eight days apart.

I'm impressed. How about the rest of you folks?

With that all being said, all I have to say to Christopher J. Garcia is this: Congratulations on the milestone issue. Here's hoisting a cold one in your honor, you crazy fan-editor. Whatever the hell have you been thinking?





Number 60: Sell This Soul by Dialicious

Number 61: My Friday by Christopher J. Garcia

I've included this one because it's a hot chick in a corset and I need the pick me up after the day I had yesterday.

Morning: Peter calls and tells me I didn't get the show. It happens.

Later morning: I had to work with the forklift rearranging Dense Storage. We're trying to get a bunch of new Pallet Racks up and it's not easy when you're tight-packed into a space with mainframes and supercomputers mixed in with card punch equipment and cubicle stuff. I had to put heavy things (like a ton or so) on racks and manage it by myself. It was scary. I did put a rack-mounted PDP-8 up in a gem of forklift driving. It was almost like I'd been trained to run the thing!

Noon: Alana is driving us to Taco Bell. We pull out of the Drive-Thru area and WHAM-O! an SUV slams into us. I had my leg banged against the center console, but we're all all right. Alana and Mira had all the normal aches and seatbelt marks you get in these sorts of things. Alana's car was wrecked. The tire was at a 45 degree angle from the car and she lost just about every fluid from the engine. Alana is a rock; a stone cold rock. She just got on the phone and made the calls and took care of business. I've never seen her freak out, and this would have been the time to do it, but she didn't. She was still as a corpse...forgive the phrase.

It wasn't a good day. After the accident, and despite a slight limp, I had to go back to work in Dense storage and do more of the moving. At least I had my pal Ken around, who is much better at the forklift than I am. He managed to get some pretty impressive machines up where I would never have even tried. The forklift force is strong in that one.

So that's why I needed a picture of the girl in the corset and tank top where you can tell her nipple is pierced.



Number 62: My Arrest Record by Christopher J. Garcia

Number 63: Arrested Development by Chase Black

Number 64 and 65: Chicken Dances by WonderDookie

Number 66 and 67: I just Blue Myself and Hey Brother by Kekepk

It was November 2nd, 2003. I was living in Sunnyvale with my roommates Marin and Ryan. We had a lovely little joint in a Mexican neighborhood about 3 blocks away from my Great-Aunt Barbara. We always got together and watched the

Simpsons at 8 on Fox. That night, they were debuting a new show. Gen, my girlfriend at the time, was over for the weekend and we watched The Simpsons, which was an average episode. It was followed by a new series called Arrested Development.

That started my connection with the brilliant show. Arrested Development is the story of the Bluth family, a wealthy family that ran a Real Estate company with all the fiscal responsibility of Ken Lay. They were accused of building houses for Saddam Hussein and George Bluth Sr. was arrested and sent to prison. Michael Bluth, the second eldest of the Bluth kids, was put in charge of running the company while his Mother was named Chairman.

I saw a bunch of the episodes of the first season, but I didn't see them all. I ended up missing three of the season's episodes. After a couple of months, I moved out of the place with Marin and Ryan and in with Evelyn and Genevieve. We lived together until just after my 30th birthday. Then, for some reason, I flipped out. I can't really explain it other than there was Dad getting worse from the cancer, I was thirty and then can make your head spin a bit, and in general me and Gen weren't having a great time together. So, we broke up and I moved out.

That was rough.

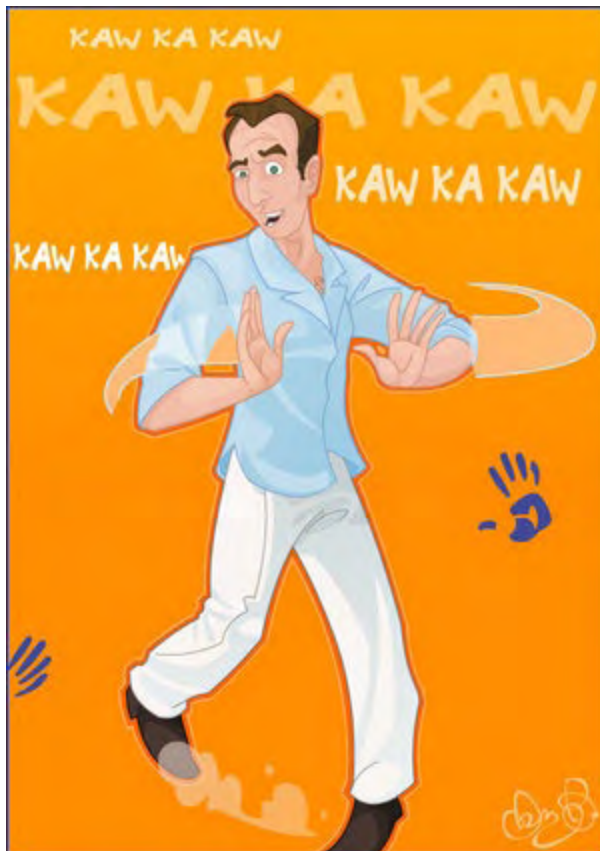
My uncle Wayne had moved out

of my Mom's house a few weeks before so there was an empty bedroom, which also meant that I could pay a little rent and help Mom out. I moved in over the next few weeks while still watching Evelyn over the next couple of weeks. It was rough on us, but we made it work.

Those first few days I didn't have to watch Evelyn or go to work, so I went out and rented a few videos. I got Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind and the entire First Season of Arrested Development. I watched Eternal Sunshine first, which was fantastic and easily the best written science fiction film of the last twenty years. I didn't watch Arrested until the next night.

I watched the entire thing from immediately after dinner until I fell asleep. The series as a whole was nearly perfect too. Watching them all together at once made me realise just how good it was. I'd appreciated the humor, but on first viewing, you missed the connections. The entire show is a giant Post-Modernist take on the traditional family drama. It's also a Post-Modernist reaction to the traditional family sit-com. It's also a Post-Modernist reaction to the modern American business-entertainment complex. The show refers to those pieces of fact outside the realm of the show and they find a way to make those realities drive the fiction. American female soldiers at Abu-Ghraib

prison are putting bags on people's heads and taking photos. In the show, a female soldier marries GOB Bluth, the oldest son, and the only evidence of their being intimate is a photo of her pointing at his genitals while he's wearing a bag over his head. The sponsor, Burger King, wants prominent placement, so they have a scene set in a Burger King where they reference Burger King the entire time. While they're drawing attention to it, they're also ridiculing it at the same time. With Henry Winkler on staff as Barry Zuckerkorn, the family attorney, they



play a lot of bits around that, including a bit where they have him jump over a shark that was on the pier.

After I got used to living life single again, I started going out and doing stuff. I didn't see any of the second season of Arrested when it first aired. I rewatched the first season again a couple of times, and then I moved again. About a week after I moved, the second season came out on DVD and that led to another long season of watching.

I remember it distinctly: it was a Friday and I had no Evelyn to watch and all I did all weekend was lay in my bed and watch the DVDs. I rewatched it three times. It was even funnier than the first season. At the time, I hadn't been living in the place for very long, and the story was just so damn perfect. They spent most of the season dealing with trying to hide George Bluth Sr. from the authorities. One of the third generation, Maebby, ends up as a studio executive by a strange series of coincidences.

This season was about family sticking together despite the fact that none of them understand what it means to be a family. Michael is the only one who understands how to be a part of a family and they smartly use him as the focal point of the series. We all have families that drive us crazy, but we all want to think that we're the only one who really understands



what's going on. That's one of the things that should have made Arrested Development a hit. The show never had the ratings it deserved, but it gathered a loyal audience of folks who bought the DVDs. That's probably why they brought it back for a third season, because the sales for the first season were so strong and the pre-orders for the second were even stronger.

Some of the little things make me smile. There's a bunch of running gags that are silly and wonderful. There's the fact that every member of the Bluth family has a particular

Chicken Dance that neither looks nor sounds like a chicken. There's the fact that Tobias, the ANALyst/ theRAPIST played brilliantly by David Cross, wants to be an actor so he becomes an on-call member of the Blue Man Group and ends up painting himself blue every day and leaving blue paint smears all over the place. There's the fact that every time Byron 'Buster' Bluth sees one of his brothers he says "Hi, Brother." and that GOB says "Come on!" at the slightest annoyance. Adding that to the little things, like Ed Begley Jr. playing a guy with no eyebrows, you get a richly layered programme.

The acting is better than anything else. There are so few great comedic actors these days. Jason Bateman is hilarious in playing anger for laughs. Ted Knight had the same sort of thing back in the old days. David Cross is excellent too. The highlights are the performances of Jessica Walters and Jeffrey Tambor. Tambor's been a TV star for almost 30 years. He's a genius and a BArea boy, just like me. Walters, who plays Gangee the Matriarch, is a drunk and bitter woman. She's nearly perfect in the role that so many others



BUSTER

have tried to play over the years. Michael Cera, George Michael Bluth, Michael's son, is one of the better young comedians, and Alia Shawcat is even better. She's a brilliant young actor and will probably end up becoming one of the more dependable young actors for TV. Add Portia diRossi and Toby Hale to that list and you've got a great team.

I recently bought season three on DVD. It has one of the funniest storylines in the history of television to start the season. Michael Bluth falls for a British woman named Rita who, we discover, happens to be a Mentally Retarded Female. It's impossibly funny to see it unfold. The fact that she's played remarkably well by Charlize Theron helps too. The entire season features great cameos. There's Scott Baio, replacing Henry Winkler as the family's lawyer, and he is great. He hasn't worked nearly enough over the last decade and he manages to steal attention in a lot of his scenes by being so deadpan you have to put a mirror up to his mouth to make sure he's breathing.

Speaking of deadpan, one of the Einstein Brothers appears in the series

as well. While Albert Einstein, better known as Albert Brooks, is a genius, Bob Einstein is best known as Super Dave Osborn. The guy is deadpan and smart and his performance as Larry, George Bluth Sr.'s surrogate who keeps tabs on the family while George is under house arrest.

The series is great. I've rewatched the third season disk one about 7 times. There are little things like the title of a 1940s War Classic A Thoroughly Polite Dust-Up and the fact that they have a Church and State Faire after the State Faire goes bankrupt. Steve Holt, the son GOB never knew he had, is a perfect jock with father issues. There are more exceptional performances from everybody and even stronger writing. The narration, done by Ron Howard, was at it's best in Season Three. No question his voice work is just fantastic.

After I had the Terrible day this Friday, I watched Arrested.



SaBean MoreL was involved with the Drink Tank since the beginning and I'm glad to have her back after a brief time away, dealing with Twins and M's Twins. Here's her thought on 100 issues of The Drink Tank.

Number 68 (on previous page): Tobias' business card from Arrested Development

Number 69: SaBean's View of 100 Issues by SaBean MoreL

Number 70: La Dame et La Chivalress by China Chinois

I'm shocked that Chris has finished 99 issues. I've had about 30 articles in those 99 issues and Chris has created a number of strange issues on themes ranging from 100 word disasters to sex to history. We've put in stories of our failures (mostly relationships and drugs) and our joys (mostly relationships and drugs) and our pains (mostly relationships and drugs). This is the home of our catharsis. When we mess up or get dealt a bad hand, we write something for Chris to run.

The first issues were crap. Chris knows that. You know that. The middle issues, the 20s and 30s, were better, but still a fair bit less than what he should have been doing. He got there around issue 50. For about 10 issues he was putting out great stuff. Around issue 60, he stumbled. I'm not sure why, but a lot of the issues after that were only OK. Issue 67 and 68 were good, and then he went and let M do issue 69 which was good.

Then his Dad died and there were depressing issues.

He came back. Big time. The last seven or eight issues have been his best. Considering what those of us in NYC have been going through, to make that breakthrough to us means he's been doing good stuff.



100 Words of Jay Lake...⁵Twice!

One-hundred ninety-nine ninety-eight ninety-seven help ninety-five
ninety-four ninety-three I'm ninety-one ninety eighty-nine eighty-eight
eighty-seven being eighty-five held eighty-three eighty-two eighty-one
eighty seventy-nine prisoner seventy-seven seventy-six by seventy-four
seventy-three number seventy-one seventy sixty-nine aaaaah sixty-
seven sixty-six mites sixty-four sixty-three sixty-two sixty-one integer
fifty-nine fifty-eight fifty-seven parasites fifty-five fifty-four fifty-three
fifty-two that fifty forty-nine hide forty-seven forty-six in forty-four forty-
three aaaaah forty-one forty thirty-nine the thirty-seven spaces thirty-
five thirty-four thirty-three thirty-two thirty-one within the twenty-eight
twenty-seven twenty-six mathematical twenty-four twenty-three system
twenty-one of nineteen eighteen the sixteen world fourteen please
twelve eleven ten send eight seven protractors five now three two one.

Numbers 71: Untitled and Number 72: One Hundred Words

One hundred words

Body: If this were one hundred words long, this would be the sixteenth word of the text, but it would have taken twenty words to explain that, so it would be fruitless to identify the thirty-ninth word (and was “thirty-ninth” one word or two?), which would itself be a meaningless exercise in self-referentialism (how many words there) before reaching the sixty-seventh (itself the sixty-seventh and sixty-eighth words if hyphens do not conjoin single words) word and frustrating the reader so much that they decide to put down the damned story and

Here's Jason Schachat with his third installment on the movies.

Number 73: Cinematocracy III: You All Suck/Give Me Money by Jason Schachat

Number 74: Galloping Horse by Edward Muybridge

Number 75: Minority Report by Inferno Vball

Number 76: DIY Filmmaker by Vinylsaurus

Photography started as a science rather than an art form. New technology gave birth to a new recording medium. People figured out that you could make a fortune offering people of “lesser means” the same portraiture wealthy persons had for millennia.

Then, wouldn't you know it, some photographers used the techniques artists had developed throughout the ages. Customers started seeing notable differences between master craftsmen and amateurs (Aside from overexposing the picture or leaving the lens cap on, that is).

Perspective, composition, negative space – suddenly these things were being used in a widespread, mass produced form.



However, the origin of photography, for purposes of record and entertainment rather than personal expression, made the medium unlike sculpture, painting, or any other art form. The means came first; the idea that you could put it on par with works hanging in the Louvre came later.

In fact, you might go so far as to say the photograph is what firmly drove a wedge between the notions of art and craft. This was the time when people started mass producing things and the term “handmade” gained respect in the upper echelons while poorer people were simply delighted to have decent seams in their pants. A mass produced dining table may be one damn fine looking piece of furniture; do we call it art?

In a way, you could say the creation of film freed the older mediums to explore the possibilities of artistic expression. They no longer had

to have any concern about imitating the real world. Film did it better, faster, and easier than any other medium of the time. From then on, there was no reason for paintings to represent the real world. Sculptures of “thoughts” started appearing on the art scene. Expressionism and Impressionism were taken to their extremes.

Photographs looked more realistic than paintings. Did they look “better”? This is where personal tastes come into play. People with louder voices are more likely to get their opinions across, and people with money/power have the loudest voices of all. That's why it took so long for jazz to be considered an art form; crusty white people were expecting Mozart, not Armstrong.

Remember, the popular success of art is based on people's expectations. If people expect one of those puppet shows we talked about in Cinematocracy I, they're going to be letdown if you break the rules.

Another thing we have to consider is that cinema matured during a time when it was popular to make art “difficult”. Surrealism, DaDa-ism, Cubism, and just about every artistic movement in the 20th century was focused on changing the old mediums so people had to really look at the work to derive meaning from it. The benefit of this is that no

meaning may be intended but the viewer can easily ascribe it to the work.

Film didn't share this luxury. The high costs involved in production meant you needed cash behind the work. Under the usual artistic system of patronage, very few films could be produced. Certainly none at the level that a huge industry with a popular audience could support. While most art could afford to be difficult, forcing viewers to guess at its meaning, films had to please the public to pay off their high costs.

We always talk about the "craft" when we refer to filmmaking. Whereas other art forms can exist for no other purpose than the satisfaction of the creator, films are deemed worthless if they can't satisfy an audience. If you don't always obey certain rules, your film can't really measure up. Of course, if you stick too closely to these rules, can it be called art?

It all comes down to the balance of personal expression and one's desire to please the audience. On the one hand, the artist wants to express how great they and their beliefs are. And the inherent rottenness of everything/one they dislike. On the other hand, they have to please the audience to keep them from walking out of the theatre.

For the most part, the viewing public doesn't really think of movies as

a form of artistic expression. People will walk out on a Wes Anderson film because they think it's too "arty". This is what naturally happens when people fear a film doesn't offer instant gratification.

When Disney broke away from traditional narrative to make *Fantasia*, middle America couldn't stop bitching about the lack of dwarves and singing rodents. Cartoonish hippos in tutus were too "arty".

The "brain problem" is an ongoing one. Look what happened when Steven Spielberg made *Munich*. Inarguably the most thoughtful and important film he'd made in years, audiences were perplexed and often left the theater in total silence, brains working away. The ending didn't offer them easy answers. They wanted another *Minority Report* or *The Terminal* to tell them the difference between right and wrong.



Yes, even though *Munich* was a mainstream Hollywood production that played by the rules, it was too arty for most of Spielberg's audience.

Again, it's about expectations. If an audience goes to a movie expecting to munch popcorn and whisper to each other during the explosions, they're probably not going to enjoy an expressionist silent film revival. But an abstract film festival will have fewer disgruntled filmgoers marching out.

Still, it's going to have more unsatisfied customers than the typical art gallery would. Why? People expect to be entertained by the motion picture. They expect a clear story. A sense of right and wrong. They don't expect to have to find answers for themselves.

To satisfy the majority of the audience, film must be narrative. There must be conflict with someone/thing identifiable as the protagonist and someone/thing to play antagonist. There must be an inciting incident at the beginning and a resolution at the end.

Abstract motion pictures can succeed. You see it every day on your TV and the sides of buses. Advertising has thrived on attention-getting splashes of form and color for decades.

Now imagine the same thing stretched out to 2 hours. Doesn't work, does it? Hell, you NEED those damn iPods in front of dancing

silhouettes just to make 20 seconds coherent, and even that gets taxing. Imagine if the silhouettes were amorphous blobs. Not much more thrilling, is it?

Disney learned that the hard way after Fantasia screened in the sticks.

But who says a film needs to be 2 hours long? Who says it needs to be 20 seconds long? It's not like there are underground occult ruins under the Hollywood sign where zombified moguls gather their dark hordes to decide what a good running time is.

These expectations come from the public. It's the "Give Me Money" side of the equation. You want people to watch your film? You want them to give you praise, money, or the ability to make more films? Satisfy the unwashed masses.

Ah, then the "You All Suck" side kicks in. Those masses really are unwashed, downtrodden peasants, aren't they? Who are they to tell an ARTIST what to do? You KNOW what to do. Your ideas are the best ever offered for public consumption. Who says so? You do. Why should anyone else's opinion count?

This is where a balance needs to be struck. Pandering to wide audiences makes you a worthless hack repeating the same old stories over and over again. Putting stuff up on screen regardless of what anyone else says... well, that makes you broke, stupid,



and quite the asshole.

Film is not a medium where a tubercular artist can slave away in a dark attic and expect to leave a legacy that will be preserved. Not only is there too much video footage out there for anyone to keep track of, but you also need to work with others to make it any good in the first place. Actors, Writers, Directors, Producers, Cinematographers, Designers, Decorators, Engineers— these people are all necessary to the process. One person filling multiple roles will dilute the effort to a point where you're just

making another rotten puppet show.

You can get your message out there. You can make art. Just realize that it's not what we, as a society, think film is about. You want to change the Cinematocracy? Change the way people look at the medium.

There was a time when people thought a 2 hour long film was unwatchable. Moviegoers used to think adding sound to moving pictures would be an information overload. Nonlinear storytelling? Absurd! Making films in realistic color was supposed to be a fad.

Yes, there is room for change. It's a small and frequently booked room, but it's there. Just look to the influences of cinema: literature, theatre, music, painting, etc. People accepted flashbacks in novels, so they were Kosher in film. An actor in a play could have an aside, so it made sense in film. Pop music figured you could swirl sounds around on multiple channels surrounding the listener, and film followed suit. Painters thought focusing on strong compositions rather than perfect symmetry would work well, and filmmakers couldn't help but agree.

Concepts that were once "difficult" in certain artistic mediums eventually became safe and familiar enough to work in mainstream cinema. The question now is whether film is allowed to be difficult on its

own. Can a film go completely against convention and be hailed as a bold new masterpiece? What are the “rules” and how far can we bend them before they break?

We'll try to find the answers in Cinematocracy IV: Death of the Genre. **Believe it or not, BASFA does in fact**



have a President. In his Drink Tank debut...Trey Haddad!

Number 77: Chris for TAFF Sonnet by Trey Haddad

Number 78 and 79: Chris for TAFF cartoons by Frank WU

Number 79: Chris for TAFF Alien by Brad W. Foster

Can you conceive of money better spent?
Has anyone deserved the honor more?
Relax and be sure ev'ry fannish cent
Is well-spent bringing him to Europe's shore.

Selectors, let me recommend to you,
For Fandom's agent in the coming year,
One man who ev'ry fannish thing can do.
Rejoice that, with your votes, you bring him near.

This paragon of creativity
Adds energy to every enterprise.
Films are made in his vicinity,
Fanzines fill before your very eyes.

A *raconteur*, who's quick to bring a laugh,
You really ought to vote for CHRIS FOR TAFF!





He appeared in this issue previously, but Lloyd Penney is the master of the LoC, and here's one he was kind enough to send in!

Number 80: LoC from Lloyd Penney

Number 81: Don't Kill the Messenger by Porphyra Kris

Number 82: Stencil by Wayeb

Dear Chris:

Hey, man, I'm going to do something most unfannish, and that's review a single issue of The Drink Tank, issue 99. Only because, it's the issue before big issue 100. Here goes... **Well, they can't ALL be Lloyd Penney-style multi-issue LoCs now, can they?**

(By the way, how's the leg? Saw your post on your LJ. Heal up soon, ok?)

I'm OK. I wish I could say the same about Alana's car.

I hate the movie industry. They dangle crap above your head, and expect you to jump for it every time. I have never fallen for that; I make the decision about what I see, and more and more, I don't care to spend \$35 for an evening watching some dull movie. My choices are few, but good. Missing lots of don't-miss movies made sure we got to Worldcon to have ourselves a great time. Perhaps this comes from the lack of a star system, and the failure of Canadian moviegoers to swoon at the mere presence of a movie star.

There is a strong Canadian movie industry. Yes, American films (often shot in Canada!) still dominate the Canadian Box Office, but there are films like Saint Jude and Crossing that get made and released. Crossing even made back its investment!

From what you're telling us

about this huge old computer you're rebuilding, they got one letter wrong in the name, and I think you can guess what I'm talking about. The whole thing still looks like a 70s-style seating unit for an airport or lounge area. **I love it as a seating element. You can get one for a few grand, if you wanna recreate that 1970s future dream of a Supercomputer in every home (and if you live in Minnesota, you can use it to heat the place!)**

There's been discussion for years about how expensive Worldcons are. I figured it was people like me who aren't computer systems managers who were being pushed out of Worldcons, but it seems everyone is having those affordability problems. Even American fans, with huge amounts of disposable income, are having problems? Time to truly re-examine a Worldcon, and maybe lower our expectations. Not sure what to do; every annual show has to be bigger and better; or the committee will never hear the end of it. Years ago, we mourned the balkanization of fandom, with specialty conventions and the like. Worldcon seemed to be a place where you could enjoy yourself because all of your potential interests were catered to, and you could overdose on your favorite fannish fixes. We have to examine fandom's expectations, its desires and needs, and its bottom line. Do we break up a Worldcon into bits, and perhaps sever

the fandoms forever?

It's an endless debate. I think Kevin is right that you could go out there and bid for a smaller, less expensive WorldCon and you'd get a certain number of votes from folks like me and a lot of complaining from folks whose 'needs' won't be met. Then again, you could always bid and not mention that you're not going to do some things and let folks find out for themselves. That would be dishonest, but interesting. Kevin posted something to his LJ about folks asking when the next BArea WorldCon will be, which makes me think that it's time to start thinking of ways to influence the right people to make an affordable WorldCon possible.

A Prairie Home Convention...now that piques my curiosity. Home grown entertainment in a radio show format could be interesting, as long as there are longer attention spans to get your parody across.

That's always the hard part. There are a lot of folks in Fandom who just won't get it, but there are some who will howl with laughter. I'm thinkin' about how to do it, I am.

Hey, at the fan fund auction, Chris got the cheese! (There's a song in there somewhere...)

And yet still, I stand alone...

What was my first loc? May have been to File 770 way back then. I've

had locs in fanzines as far back now as 1983. That means I've been the local over 23 years now. I have at least some record of my early locs...unfortunately, they were on 5.25" disks, and I have nothing with which to read them. If I could get an inexpensive 5.25" external drive to read them, I could probably put the contents of all of them on a single CD, and be done with it. And, I could use the floppies to record secure stuff because I'd probably be the only one able to read them.

Well, I can think of one other place that could read them. It's a joint where I happen to work and where I'm writing this very response right now!

Time to go, want to get ready for the latest flood of zines coming into eFanzines, and prepare myself for The Drink Tank 100. Sounds like it'll be a monster, and Looking forward to it. Yours, Lloyd Penney.

It's looking like 50 pages, which is huge for me. I'll give everyone plenty of time to comment by taking a few weeks off afterwards.



And now some more Kelly Green!

Number 80: The Moment Before by Kelly Green

Number 81: Untitled by Duke Crecent

The moment before he stuck his neck out, put his heart on his sleeve, came right out and said it, cold sweat dripped down his spine.

What if she says no?

Maybe this isn't the right time.

He hadn't needed to worry, the step taken, the jump made, the hands joined, but the moment before his words the blank page of possibility overwhelmed him into almost-speechlessness.

But only almost.

The space found, the light perfect for her art and his worship, so much work to complete before even the first step could be taken.

First step? He laughed. Next step. Always the next step. Never a straight line, either, but always ascending, each building on the other.

The moment before she'd been in the space, pointing here, pointing there, exclaiming and laughing and

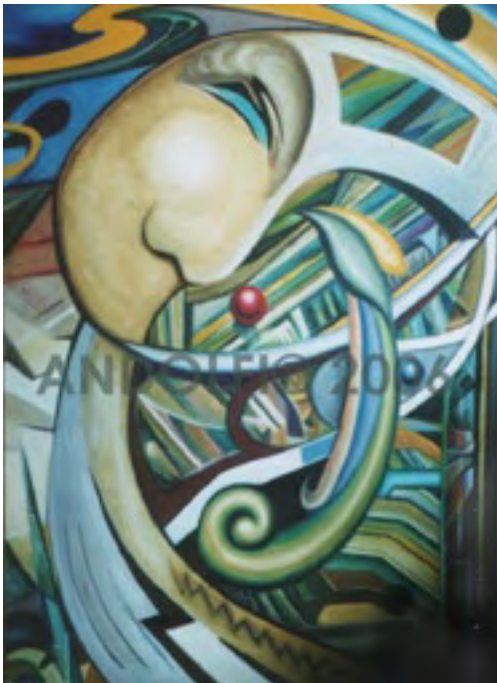
clapping her hands in joy of the new moment cascading on the next moment to build their future which was a culmination of all their past moments. She was out at the truck, haranguing the movers, sure-footedly moving into the next moment.

He loved this empty space which in a moment wouldn't be empty because the possibilities, the potential, for disaster or desire or even simple delight filled every dusty corner.

Life consists of the moment before and he takes this moment to breath.

Time to get started.

The End



Judith Morel is one of my dearest friends who I never see. She's also a hell of a writer and quite possibly the most genuinely sweet woman I know. This article looks suspiciously like an apology...

Number 82: The Lovesong of J. Mariam Morel by Judith Morel

Number 83: Romance by Andrei Mischievous

Number 84: Just Abstract by Ana Kid

Number 85: Abstract Sun X by Kil1K

I'm guessing you already know

that love is nothing like those TV coffee commercials. It's true that there's a certain amount of ease to parts of it, but mostly there's no telling what's going to happen or the ways in which one will get hurt by others or themselves. I've been in love a few times, only three of them ever stuck longer than the moments we were together. One was a certain guy who I would have loved to have been with, but other than a few short days and nights, we never were. Another was a man who tried to discover what I was beneath it all. I ended up destroying him and I'm still sorry. There was a woman, and a girl. Both were very painful. I know love personally, haven't found it lurking among the watermelons for a while, though.

SaBean, she's known love. Even at the peak of her usage, she knew what it meant to love a man, a woman, a being. She could give her heart and let the taker play and then, when it ended, come back and be the same shape she was before, touched and slightly used, but not the quivering wreck I become when love leaves town. That might be why she and M are so lucky. They know the roles they play in each other's lives and they really do love each other despite the troubles they've seen. It makes me a little sick.

M is another woman who knows how to love. She knows better than most what it means to be hurt, but she

can always find herself able to come back and give someone else (and often the same someone) all the love she has.

I've over-used the word love. It's almost getting sickening.

And there's the problem with my view of the world. The way I think means that I have to have variance, and when I finally find a long-term comfort, I get distracted and end up hurting him or myself. Usually it's both of us who wear scars for a while. I'm not as bad as those girls who only want that they should not have, but I do get restless and scared and annoyed and hateful when I've become comfortable.

That would explain why I'm not married.

I've come close. John was closest. I never ran from him, never

took myself out of the equation. We lived together for nearly three years. He threw me out of the house one Friday morning. I knew he'd been sleeping around for at least a month, but it turned out to be much longer. Nearly a year of our relationship he'd been unfaithful. I had been less than faithful myself. He broke it off because he found out that I'd made twenty grand selling a painting I'd traded for. It wasn't the sex being thrown against the walls in all directions; no, not at all. It was the money.

David and Martin both got close too. Martin asked me once, a beautiful ring of emeralds in a box of white velvet. I said no and he left me. I wasn't ready. He was. David and I only lived together for a few months before I started sleeping around on him. He worked nights so I'd stay

home and sometimes bring men over. I'd cry myself to sleep those nights, and on his weekends, I'd push myself deep into his arms and we'd make love and talk and play little games like newlyweds on a long honeymoon. We stopped dating because he had to move to Arizona. I brought men home by the truckload after that.

We're packing up the house and moving to Santa Barbara. These are the times when anger should be bubbling, when we should be snapping at each other, ready to kill at the slightest issue.

Only it hasn't happened.

You see, there's too much love in the house. It's impossible to ignore that. M and SaBean spend hours cuddled up with the twins. Jay has been reading to the kids and to M since one of the strange side effects



of the hormone therapy has been a decrease in M's visual acuity. SaBean and I have spent hours on the couch in the nursery looking over catalogs, decorating the new house before it's even built. We're moving to the old house on the property in sixteen days while the new place will be built over the next six months, and there's no panic. There's no yelling. There's M and SaBean and Jay and Mike and Kathe and they're all happy and hugging and dealing with the little problems as if they really were just little problems.

I'm no good with love. I wish I was better at it, but now at least I know what it's supposed to look like.



Number 86: Why didn't Anybody Tell Me? by Christopher J. Garcia

Number 87: Mentos_Coke from wpvi.com

Numbers 88 and 89: Diet Coke Fountain by Grobe and Voltz

I can't believe I was in the dark for so very long. No one told me and it sucks because when I finally looked it up today, I discovered that this is exactly what I should have been viewing for ages now. What am I talking about? I'm talking about Diet Coke and Mentos.

It would seem that early this year, someone dropped a Mentos into a two litre bottle of Diet Coke and a strange thing happened: it 'ploded hard! Another thing was on the rise at that point in time: YouTube.

With the combined forces of technology and silliness, people started video taping their backyard experiments and putting them up on



YouTube. By the middle of summer, there were a couple of hundred. After a segment on Mythbusters in August, there were thousands.

And I wasn't even aware of it until Claudia came by my desk and told me to look it up!

It's still being explored, with about a dozen new videos being put up every day, but in my eyes, it's already perfect. Two dudes from Maine, Grobe and Voltz, started doing experiments pretty early on and then they had a brilliant idea: recreate the Bellagio Fountain using Diet Coke and Mentos. Putting together more than 100 2 litres and 500 Mentos, they did an excellent job...so good they were even featured on David Letterman. Wow.



Personally, I think #58 is a very good reason...

Number 90: Top 100 Worst Reasons to be a Writer by Jason Schachat

Number 91: Writer's Block by Robbie Hull

Number 92: Writer's block by Unknown Artist (and yes...that's his name!)

Number 93: Writing by Tordo

100. Because you blog so much already, you might as well get paid for it.

99. McDonald's isn't hiring.

98. You're gonna bring them down... whoever "they" are.

97. Your sister's friend knows a guy who knows a guy whose ex-fiancé has an agent.

96. You're a fugitive from a chain gang.

95. It busies your hands enough to keep you from groping strangers.

94. Your life story as a semi-retarded orphan of an incestuous relationship who was turned out into the streets but eventually rose to power in the textile industry after years and years of struggling against racism and anti-gay sentiment impressed a children's book publisher.

93. Your neighbor's dog told you to.



92. You're allergic to sunlight.

91. So you can blatantly shoplift your own books from Barnes and Noble without reprisal.

90. Your high school guidance counselor said you sucked at everything else.

89. Staring at walls all day and trying to come up with ideas just feels RIGHT.

88. It'll keep ya off the streets.

87. You need a better excuse to make up words.

86. Because they shutdown access to porn sites at the public library and you need something to do until the bus shows up.

85. To serve the dark lord Satan.

84. After that elephant snapped its tether, your days in airfreight were over.

83. To keep the keyboard from getting dusty.

82. Because your poetry doesn't rhyme.

81. Searching for a way to make your epileptic fits pay, you thought you were applying for a position as a "writther".

80. It's your penance after you shot a

man in Reno just to watch him die.

79. Having married a celebrity, you had to tell the world what was on your mind.

78. Because you just HAD to major in Creative Writing instead of English, didn't you?

77. Someone mistakenly delivered 5 tons of paper to your house and you just can't bring yourself to throw it away.

76. Your last physical revealed you're far too healthy, and you need to put on a couple dozen pounds.

75. So you can do eccentric stuff like walk around with a parrot on your shoulder and fool people into thinking your weirdness has something to do with the creative process.

74. You have no short-term memory and need to write everything down to pursue your wife's killer.

73. It makes your parents think you're doing something with your life.

72. Coincidentally, you happen to have a million monkeys, a million typewriters, and no notion of plagiarism.

71. So you can write off the truckloads of books you buy every year as "research".

70. Your fans demanded it.

69. Because everyone realizes "Consultant" means you're unemployed, but "Writer" still sounds important.

68. Maybe it'll quiet the screaming in your head.

67. A complete stranger said you have talent.
66. Larry King said you have talent.
65. It's Monday.
64. You're mute and refuse to learn sign language.
63. Someone told you the writers run Hollywood.
62. You don't think Marv Albert got a fair shake and think his side of the story would make an excellent coffee table book.
61. It looks better on a police report than "Panhandler".
60. Because Microsoft Word came free with your computer and you can't let it go to waste.
59. With a name like Hunter Capote-Faulkner, it'd be stupid NOT to be a writer.
58. You enjoy the constant stench of failure.
57. After re-attaching the hands you intentionally severed on a dare, the doctor advises you to exercise the muscles by typing.
56. To sway the heathens.
55. Your printer ran out of color ink, and you'll be damned if you're going to Office Depot until you run out of black ink too.
54. Because Chuck Palahniuk doesn't go far enough.
53. You have a new chair to break in.
52. It's a better hobby than dressing small dogs in frilly clothes.
51. The end of the world is nigh and

you don't have enough of a legacy to be destroyed in the coming hellfire.
50. To draw Rip Taylor out of hiding with your scathing tell all.
49. You need something to do when your World of Warcraft server is down.
48. Momma never loved you.
47. To further deforestation.
46. You trust the alphabet to tell you what vocation to pursue and just lost your job as a ventriloquist.
45. Because squirrels can't read, and it's the only way you can secretly unite the world against them.
44. You think Writer's Block is like a literary Sesame Street.
43. It's a great job to fall back on.
42. Your fingers are too fat and you need to work off the extra weight.
41. You inherited a fortune and can do whatever the hell you want, bitch!
40. To piss people off in a completely generic way.
39. You think books are like TV with less pictures.
38. Because "Genocidal Propagandist" sounds too formal.
37. Ernest Hemingway appeared in a



dream and made sweet, sweet love to you.
36. You find something appealing about a steady diet of Top Ramen.
35. Because it's not like you're going to teach high school English the rest of your life.
34. A gypsy cursed you to tell the same story over and over again, not realizing it would make you the next John Grisham.
33. To get more people speaking goddamn English
32. You're in the witness protection program and feel the need to put some excitement back in your life.
31. Because someone needs to warn the world about the impending Martian invasion, and the men in white coats are letting you use the safety pencil again.
30. You want to be a critic.
29. Mrs. Clark failed you in 3rd grade and you need to show that prissy whore up. You hear me, Mrs. Clark?!?!
28. Someone handed you a pen and paper and said "Write."
27. You have perfect 20/20 vision and need to ruin it in a hurry.
26. The Virgin Mary appeared in your cereal bowl and told you to keep your damned opinions to yourself.
25. Because you think the world is finally ready for "The Big Book of Poop Jokes: 20,000 Brown Tales to Disturb Digestion".
24. You want to finish your father's

final, unpublished novel.

23. Because you think too many high-ranking SAT words are slipping from the vernacular.

22. Your lead guitarist quit the band.

21. Jacqueline Susann inspires you.

20. To increase global awareness of cruelty to wood pulp.

19. If you don't write the epic wartime love story of two anthropomorphic ferrets who travel back in time to a medieval earth where alchemy reigns supreme under the cruel watch of dominatrix pixies with teeth for eyes, who will?

18. You tell such great lies, you might as well commit them to paper.

17. Nobody said not to.

16. You need an excuse to carry around a laptop so you look important at coffee shops.

15. Everyone always tells you they love your yearly Christmas Letter detailing how wonderful your children are.

14. To alienate friends and family (because the cape and vampire fangs just aren't working).

13. There is no 13.

12. Your looks are fading.

11. Harlan Ellison asked you to write a Last Dangerous Vision.

10. You think it would be fun to run a newspaper.

09. You have something to say.

08. So they'll sacrifice virgins at your altar and elevate you to an early

godhood.

07. It's cheaper than therapy.

06. Novels practically write themselves these days... right?

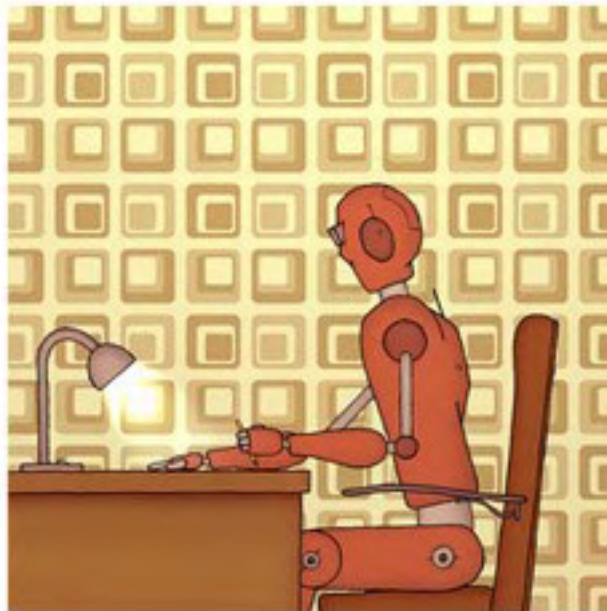
05. Two words.

04. You're already an alcoholic, so why not embrace the stereotype.

03. Seemed like a good idea at the time.

02. All them fly-ass bitches.

01. Money.



I would like to point out that Jason Schachat made a Harlan Ellison joke in this issue, bringing the total number made in the pages of The Drink Tank to fifteen. I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to this distinction and hope that we can reach 100 of those before I stop producing this zine altogether.

Espana Sheriff is one of the best things about the recent issues of SF/SF. She's a whale of an artist (she did that Graveyard image earlier in the ish) and a decent little writer too. I'm very happy to have her words in The Drink Tank 100!

Number 94: Table War by Espana Sheriff

Number 95: Love is War by Glitter Sniffer

It has been a week now since the terrible events of September 23rd but my pulse still quickens and my vision blur when I think back upon that evening.

It was the 11th Anniversary of Tachyon Publications and as in years past they celebrated with author readings, lemon cakes and innocent merriment at Bordelands Books over on Valencia Street. When I arrived the crowd was already dispersing, but I was just in time to catch Jacob Weisman on his way over to an after-event dinner. He invited me along to enjoy dinner with those hardy souls who still felt like socializing, and I happily agreed. Little did I realize how the evening would descent into bloody conflict and merciless punning.

The restaurant was nice, although the waitstaff seemed to have

a laissez-faire philosophy towards seating, ordering and serving and it was therefore nearly an hour before everyone was seated, menu in hand. So perhaps it was just human nature that made things spin out of control. I am by nature a gentle soul and would not have expected to find myself conscripted into an ontological conflict. Perhaps it was hunger that addled my senses or the alcohol that I had managed to purchase from one of the more sympathetic (and slow to escape) waiters.

But...

no-I will not make excuses for my behaviour. The truth is that when, amidst the jovial clamor and deceptively convivial conversation, J-leaned forward and spoke the words that began the war, I was not really surprised.

“I think we’re at war with the other end of the table” She said.

My pulse quickened and an ugly excitement reared its head. As with all great truths, it could not be unspoken once said aloud and its truth was undeniable. We were at war with the other end of the table. Newly minted combatants, we all looked over at the diners chatting animatedly at the other end. The facade was of bonhomie and intellectual discourse. It was patently fake, such a pure example of psychological warfare as would make Dr. Linebarger blanch. Clearly it could



not stand.

Our Leader rose from her seat and declared she would approach them to discuss terms. We agreed and after a quick discussion picked “Subjunctive Tense” and “Post-modernism” as our favorites, “Dada” and “surrealism” being rejected as too retro.

We all watched as she approached their leader an animated discussion followed. From our vantage point the talks looked deceptively friendly. I suddenly wondered

where her true allegiance lay. It was impossible to hear what passed between them and, suspiciously, the servers brought the appetizers just then, momentarily blocking our view and easily distracting our sorely under-supplied troops. During the scuffle over the naan we were surprised to see Jill returned to us.

It was apparent right away that things had not gone well.

“I’m so sorry”

No one dared speak, we waited for her to speak the news we did not want to hear.

“We’ve been declared dead”

Somehow even knowing the truth hurt. We were now a zombie army. As we absorbed the news the troops rallied discussing some of the terms that the other side had returned Jill with. But my ears were deaf to them. I watched them animatedly planning a hostage exchange and the manic gleam in Jill’s eye and my earlier doubts returned. Just whose side was she on? Could she be a double agent?

I looked back over at the enemy and saw that they had raised a nearly impenetrable field of indifference. Not only were we dead to them-mere undead diners nibbling crumbs of naan as they... what the hell?! They had entrees down there!

I turned to the troops and saw that some of them had noticed. The other end of the table had food!

They even had a couple of our plates! Doubts temporarily cast aside I joined the chorus to send Jill over again. She returned with their ambassador, who, confusingly took one of our people hostage. Things were looking pretty grim but fortunately our dinners arrived then so we considered the sacrifice worthwhile and toasted his memory as we dug in.

As I ate I my salad (which was really quite tasty, with a tangy dressing) I contemplated the futility of war, especially a war of words that leaves you a hungry zombie. This experience had changed me, I had learned from it...

first off; next year I am sitting on the author end of the table rather than the publisher end... the hell was I thinking?



The following is a charming little piece that actually made me go awww.... Lindsa's been in our pages before, and here she is again!

Number 96: @#%! Loved and Lost: Another Relationship Lands With a... Thud. Waaaaah! Another Meaningless Milestone? by Lindsa

Number 97: Shatty Kat by Jason Schachat

Hey there, ho there, another relationship bites the dust. Eeks. Ouch. Hurt, pain, awful feelings, yucky thoughts. Yikes, again? Really? Unbelief. It seemed so good. What went wrong?

Over and over again, it seems, I bravely give my warm, liquid heart to a nice guy, and in exchange I inevitably end up with handful of... dry, cold, desert sand! Oh, why me?

* Audible Sigh * Another meaningless, wasted investment of time and effort by this foolish, siempre single girl! Waaaaaaaaaaaaah! What was I thinking? Stupid, stupid, me. Or is it, poor little ol' me? Vacillating from mentally beating myself up, to the victim pose,

then wanting to beat him up (at least a wicked pillow fight)... Whine, whine. Woe, woe! (Image: pounding my head on the Wailing Wall)

Not. *Shaking off the yucky stuff

for at least as long as it takes me to write this *

This relationship was different. It was... shiny.

I'm so blessed. Really, in spite of the sad parts of me, I am wholly shalomy soooooo blessed. Please, let me tell you why.

(Warning: flamboyant, mushy stuff follows.)

~~~~~

Well first, this time, with this man, I was consistently treated with respect and love. Every minute. Without exception. Really. What a treat. WOW. I'd do it all again just for that (and the hugs).

This time, when there were misunderstandings, we could tell the difference between the problem and the people. Instead of turning on each other, we bonded together and fought the good fight, side by side, yielding swords of truth and shields of faith until we reached mutual communication and the resulting deeper love. The kind of love that can withstand storms and change.

This time, with this man, he trusted me, happily gave me freedom to be me, and he proved himself trustworthy, too...

Not only did he love me, but he also showed me how to love the other people in my life better. And through our relationship I became more in



touch with the One who gives us Real Unconditional Love to share.

Without even trying, he laughed hope, danced joy, and sang (on-key!) hymns and U2-Grace healing right into the wounded depths of me... almost every night, at any time of night, even though we were usually hundreds of miles apart.

Despite my limp protests, he just about drowned me with fun, stupid stuff that my soul desperately needed... :-)

And he is the only person who truly could listen and comfort when I cried. Even now.

This time, this man was brave. He didn't let fear stop us from asking or answering hard questions. He welcomed truth-seeking. And, at the end, he wasn't afraid to search inside himself and do the right thing. He was willing to put me first even when it hurt.

This time, I learned to trust Daddy God more with the big stuff, and to focus on doing my little part. I'm learning to really live & treasure each moment (not just say it), to play more, and to feel peacefully comfortable when I can't see the future or make it happen a certain way. Wow.

And this time, his steadfast belief in me, no matter what mountains we faced, strengthened my belief in myself. This may sound elementary, but God gave this girl a safe place to

grow when He gave me a special place in time with *this* nice guy.

This guy was different. He fully embraced me and I started learning how to fully embrace, back. Now I'm more confident that I can have a wonderful, healthy, mature relationship with a wonderful man! I really can!

Yes, this was such a meaningful, eternally-life-changing-for-the-better, even if titanic, milestone for me.

So I echo Alfred Lord Tennyson, and tell the doubting, fearful world that it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all! I'm so much better for it. I'm even grateful for the last lesson - learning how to let go. That's what love is, you know.

Love is not love which alters  
When it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to  
remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never  
shaken;

It is the star to every wandering  
bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although  
his height be taken.

~ from Sonnet 116, William  
Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)



**SaBean MoreL said about our next writier "She's awesome. I only hope she destroys you for your spelling sins when none of the rest of us could muster the courage". And now...Leigh Ann Hildebrand!**

**Number 98: LoC from Leigh Ann Hildebrand**

**Number 99: Photo of Leigh Ann with a Chris for TAFF sign taken by John O'Halloran - JohnO@TyeDye.Org**

**Number 100: 78-RPM Record from Says-it.com and Chris Garcia**

Dear Mr. Garcia,

I meant to write sooner, but I've been terrifically busy looking busy the past three weeks. I know having my periodic missives be irregular and even *late* might have led to some anxiety on your part, as these things so often do when one has only the most casual of relationships. You can relax now, though now, as I'm positively swimming in a *flood* of prose.

***As was reported in SF/SF, you had Hellfire to deal with! I'm always glad to have Hildebrand-brand words to add to the stew that is The Drink Tank.***

The other reason for my reluctance to write again concerns the ongoing mangling of my name. You know what they say, "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all." I promise though, if you'll be better about it, I'll soften my position and perhaps my writing will grace other issues of the Drink Trunk. Can't we all just get along?

***I've not spelled it wrong yet! I even let David Moyce, the calendar guy for SF/SF have it for not getting it right.***

On to more recent news. In issue #97 you were polite enough to publish the promo for Baycon's own "Eric in the Elevator" that I so slyly slipped into my LoC. Sadly, it appears that the recent semi-official announcement of

the new location for Baycon jeopardizes the next regular season of EitE, because the new hotel doesn't appear to have heavily traffic'd elevators. We're still brainstorming about studio alternatives for Mr. Elevator. (By the way, did you see the new purple pimp hat I received in recognition of my role as the show's pimp? Bitch better have my party suite, and all that.)

***We actually brought up EitE when we were doing our walk-through of the Marriott a few weeks ago. And the purple pimp hat gets you into the Uptown Player's Ball, baby, where the champagne flows freely, y'all!***

I continue to try to channel my rather politically-incorrect Harlan crush to your advantage. A recent websurfing session to visit the new offerings at Blowfish.com has me infatuated with the title "Shattered Like A Glass Buttplug". Hmm! I think it's great to have goals, and I continue to aspire to being the woman who wrote *that* story.

***If any of my gentle readers are confused by this...wait a little bit for the first issue of my new zine and you'll completely understand***

All of that aside, issue #97 includes your remembrance of cleavage past, which I found very sweet and touching. (That is, it was sweet, and writing it almost certainly involved touching.) I admit to enjoying the

sight of a fine pair in a tight corset, but I also have a fondness for a sort of sharp-edged angular androgynous femininity that is often found in the company of a barely-B cup. I'm reminded of Tilda Swinton in just about *anything*. You ask if it's fair that women who are "smart and funny and kind" are passed over for women with bigger breasts. I'll point out the obvious: there are women who are smart and funny and kind AND have huge tracts of land. Naming exemplars is left as an exercise to the reader.

***Oh. My. Ghod. I love Tilda Swinton. I can not possibly explain the depths of my appreciation of her glory. In Constantine, a film that really sucked, she was just about the hottest thing there is. And in fact you are correct on the all-around woman. They do exist and are a rare and beautiful thing. Hard to find sometimes, but glorious when you do.***

Pardon my going on, but I've been so late, I feel like I should thank John Purcell for his apology in issue #98. 'S'truth, for shame, Mr. Garcia. I second Mr. Purcell's disciplinary suggestion. Would you like that spanking before or after your serious deep tilde-ing? I can barely wait, either way!

***It's always good to thank Mr. Purcell once in a while, I mean, without him, there'd have been***

*nothing on eFanzines since the last time I pubbed an ish! And a tilde seems a difficult piece of grammar to use in such a way. It does remind me though that I was pronouncing Espana Sheriff's name 'Espana' instead of 'espanya' and she corrected me, leading me to say "I'm sorry, I don't believe in tildes." Now I have another reason not to!*

Congratulations on your 100th issue of the Drunk Think! I look forward to issue #200, coming late next spring, I hear.

*Actually, I hope to be in the UK late next spring, so I'll move it up to January for ya!*

Cordially,  
Leigh Ann Hildebrand

*And that, my friends, is Issue #100. I'm done. Finished. Ready to stop letting these visions of layout and articles stop dancing in my head. I wanna thank EVERYBODY! John, Barbara, Ted, Lloyd, Leigh Ann, Espana (sorry, still don't believe in tildes), Lindsa, Frank, Brad, Joan, Mike, Dave, Trey, John, Johnny, Pops, Bob, Jason, James, Kevin, Mark and everyone else who sent in the wonderful stuff that I got to publish. And what now for The Drink Tank? A couple of weeks rest and a large glass of Sunny Delight!*

